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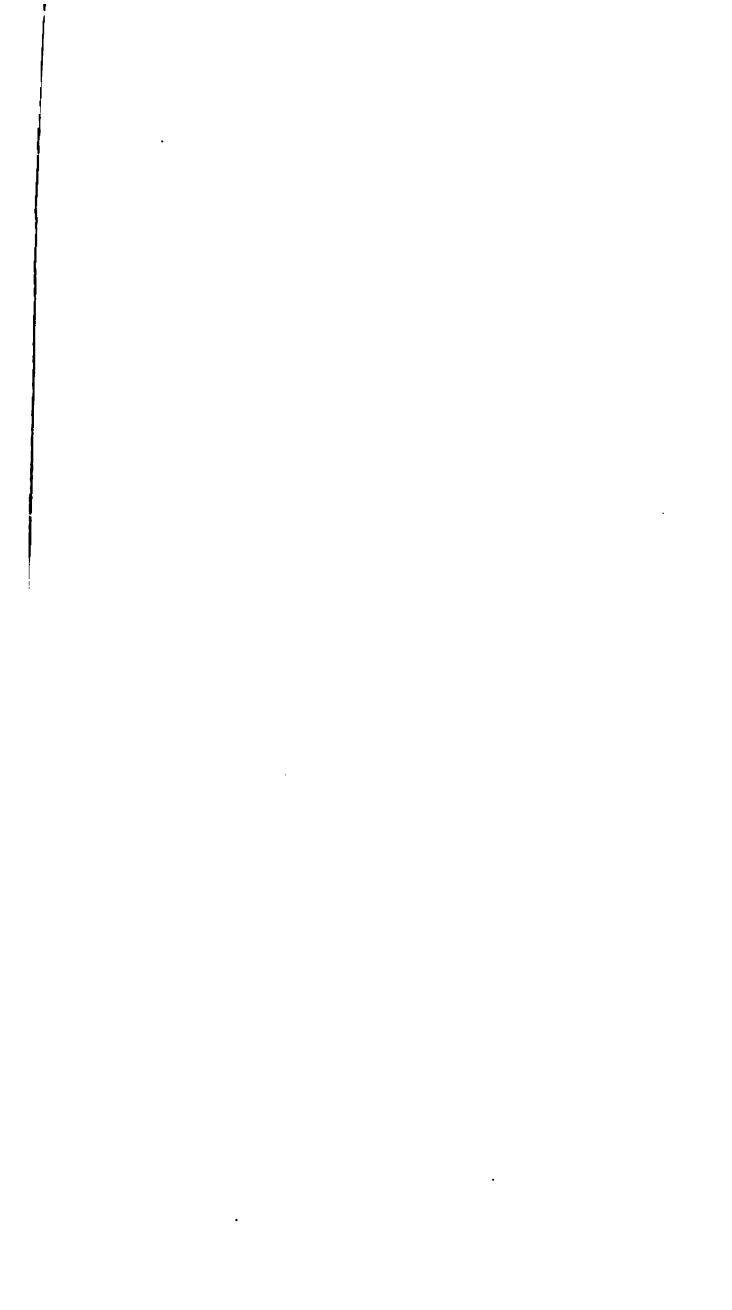
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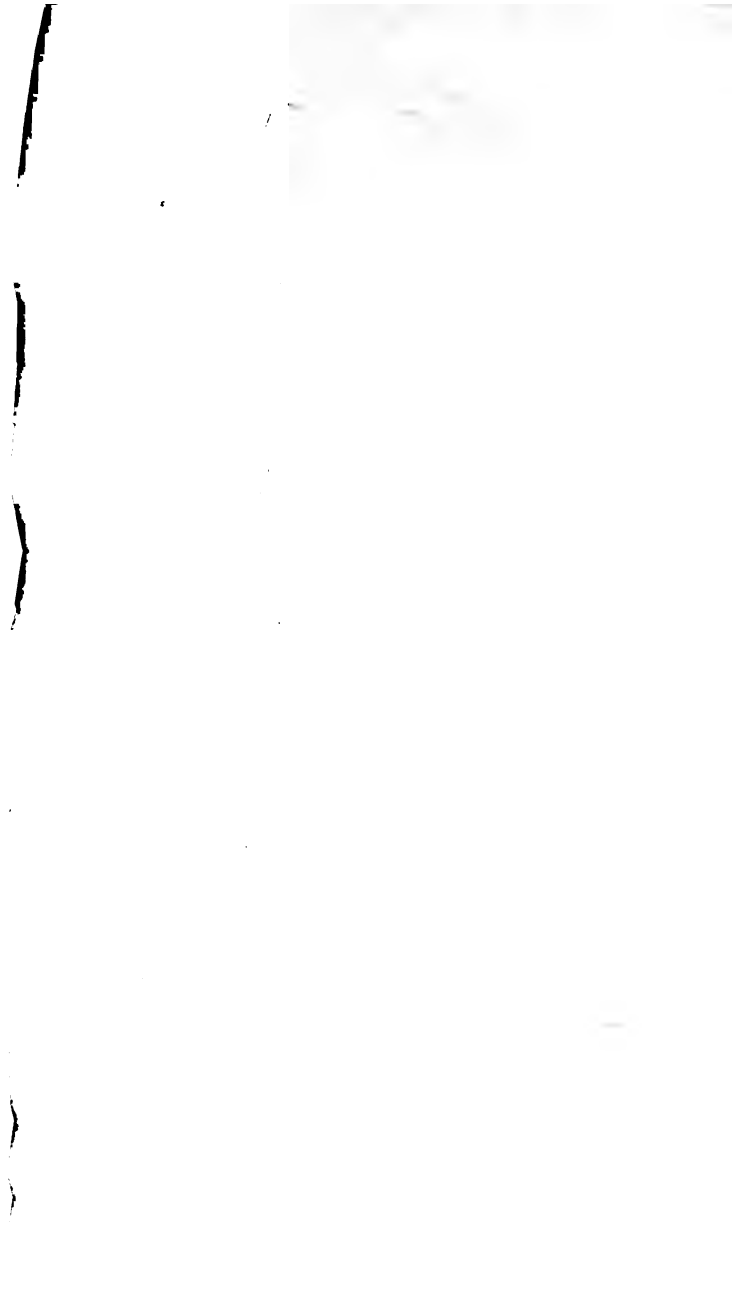


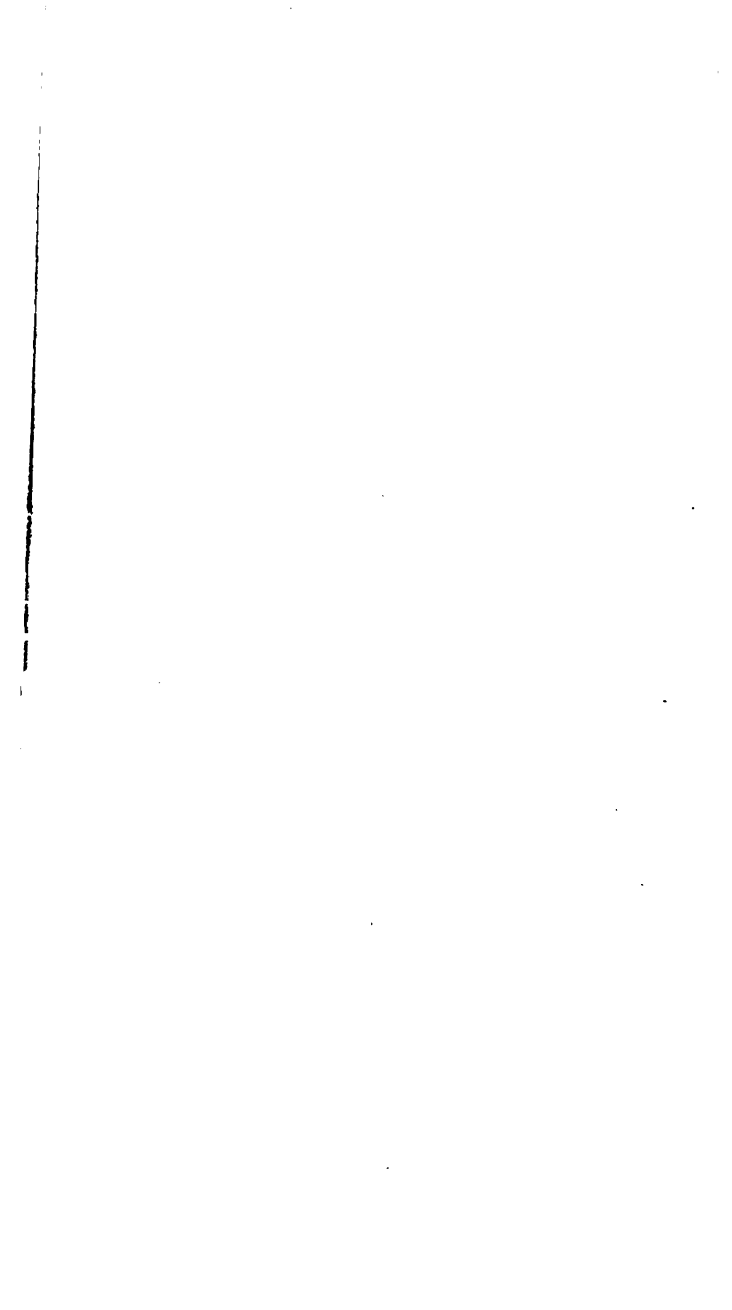
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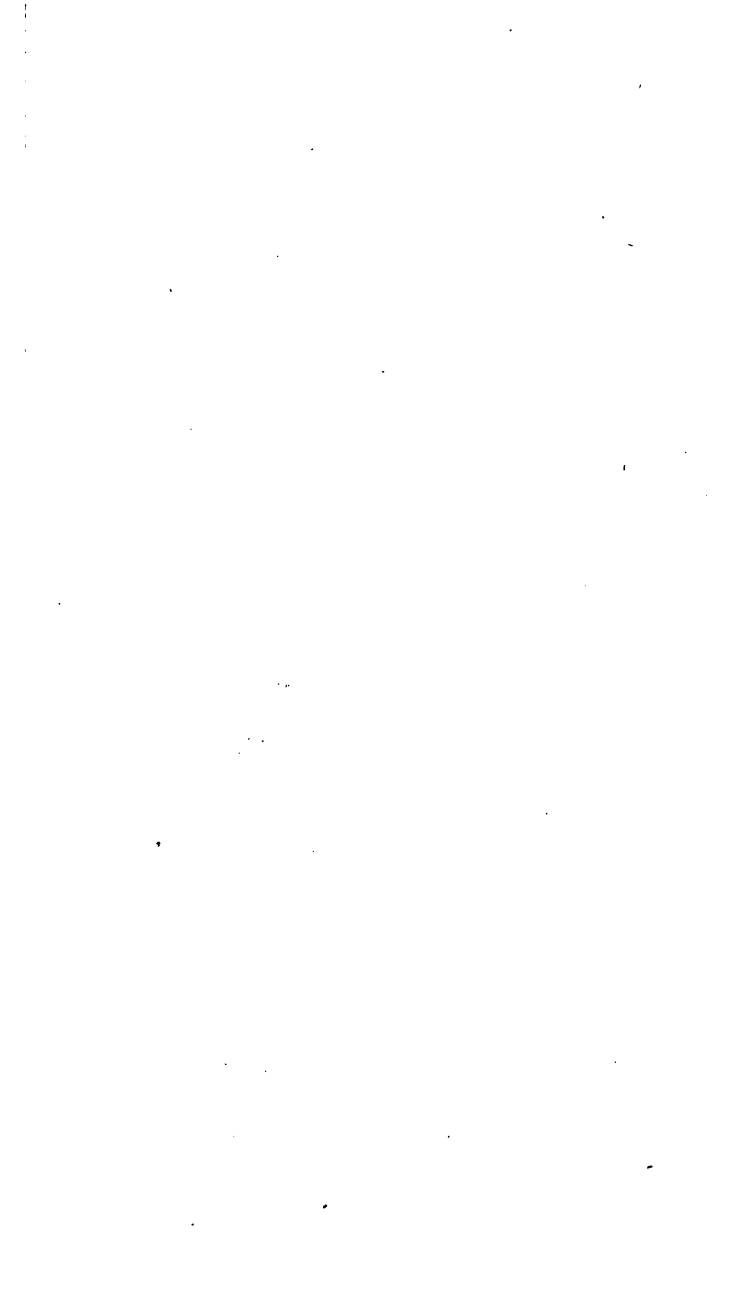








Mrs. Milman
with Mr. Lawrence's
kindest regards —



THE
LAST AUTUMN
AT A
 favourite Residence,
WITH OTHER POEMS;
AND
RECOLLECTIONS
OF
MRS. HEMANS.

✓
By MRS. LAWRENCE.

"Farewell! a sound that has been, and must be."



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MDECCXXXVI.

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1493

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60

TO
COL. GEORGE CHARLES D'AGUILAR,

ADJUTANT GENERAL OF IRELAND,

This little Poem,

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE RELATIVES HE HAS LOVED,

THE STUDIES HE HAS SHARED,

AND OF

SCENERY WITH WHICH HE IS FAMILIAR,

AND AS A TESTIMONY OF

UNCHANGING REGARD AND AFFECTION,

IS DEDICATED BY HIS SISTER,

ROSE LAWRENCE.

7 Sept 48



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" And here, the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Wordsworth.

" Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures we see
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we."

Cooper.

" Quivi le piante piu che altrove ombrose
E l'herba molle, e il fresco dolce appare."

Poliziano.

....“There are few who can withstand the influence of local attachments. Our country, our dwelling, and, above all, the place of our birth, are frequently clung to with an ardour, which, though we cannot coolly justify its reasonableness, we find it no less difficult to subdue. We almost act as if we fancied that the inanimate objects from which we part so mournfully, were for a while endued with consciousness, and could participate in our regrets. They recall to our minds past scenes and former friends, and we view them as relics that are hallowed to our feelings by the associations which they convey.—Many an object, intrinsically trifling, acquires a value beyond estimation, by circumstances of this nature. Wide, indeed, is the range of cherished recollections which cling around an ancient dwelling, and cruel is the blow that violates such a sanctuary.”
—*Herbert Lacy*, vol. iii.

“I sighed a long farewell to fields and woods from which I once thought I should never be parted, and was at no time so sensible of their beauties as just when I left them all behind me to return no more.”—*Cowper's Letters to Mr. Rose*.

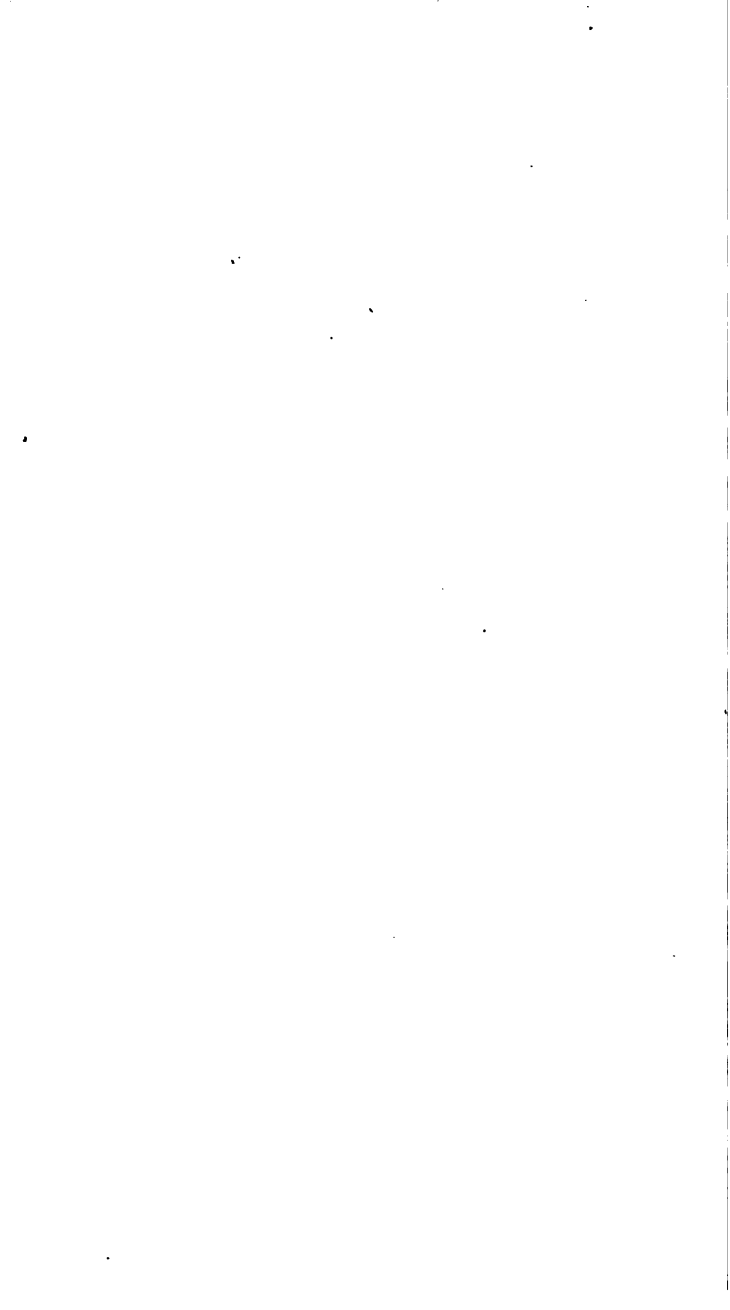
—“ Cadder prede di morte e in pena ria
M'abbandonaro è il genitore è il figlio ;
Questi sul cominciar del nostro esiglio
Quegli, già corso un gran tratto di via.

—“ Obbliarli io credea, com' altri obblia
La memoria del mal dopo il periglio ;
Ma sempre, o vegli o sia sospito il ciglio
Me gli offre la turbata fantasia.”

F. M. Maratti.

—“ Ach ! wer ruft nicht so gern unwiederbringliches an !
Jenes süsse gedrange der leichtesten irdischen tage ;
Ach ! wer schatz ihn genug diesen voreilenden werth !”

Goëthe.



THE
LAST AUTUMN

AT A

favourite Residence.

—“Where grow the elm-trees thick and tall,
Where rooks unnumbered build their nests,
Deliberate birds! and prudent all :
Their notes, indeed, are harsh and rude,
But they’re a social multitude.”

Crabbe.



ERRATA.

- Page 12, line 1, for *terrace's* read *terrace'*
 — 14, for *Hora* read *Horas*.—See note
 — 80, line 6, for *beloved* read *loved*
 — 86, line 7, for *that* read *who*
 — 89, line 8, for *breath* read *breathe*
 — 89, line 8, for *their* read *thy*
 — 96, quotation, for *suspiros* read *suspiros*
 — 96, line 7, for *startling* read *starting*
 — 231, line 5, for *heart's* read *breast's*
 — 254, line 4, for *prenda* read *prendo*
 — 255, line 10, for *sanctissima* read *sanctissime*
 — 261, line 14, for *carnation's* read *carnations*
 — 268, note 15, for *amanesce* read *amanece*
 — 269, note 19, for *ausencia* read *ausencia*
 — 273, lines 4 and 6, for *Datimi* read *Datemi*
 — 277, line 9, for *Ve* read *Va*
 19, for *Di* read *De*
 19, for *coma* read *como*
 — 292, for 1829 read 1827
 — 297, line 4, efface *previously*
 — 306, line 3, for *notices* read *notice*

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THE LAST AUTUMN

AT A

FAVOURITE RESIDENCE.

The Farewell.—The Retrospect.—The Woodland Walks.—The Sister.—The Autumnal
Flower-garden.—Decline in early Youth.—The Child: his deserted Garden.—The Parting.
—The Bower: resignation to Death in advanced Age.—The Terrace.—The Flower-garden
seen by Moonlight.—The Bay Tree.—The Sun-dial.—The Ring-dove's Nest.—The Elm.
—The Rockery.—The Library.—Conclusion.

"Scriva ad per sfogar l'interna doglia."

VITTORIA COLONNA.

FAREWELL !—each fading wreath that dies,
And prone on earth neglected lies,
Each rose, which shrinking, wan and pale,
Yields its last breath to Autumn's gale,

B

My silent tears deplore :

I hear a voice in every breeze;

An echo speaks amid those trees,

“ For thee no more these shades shall please;

“ For thee they bloom no more !”

What stranger's eye with calm surprise

Shall see your varied buds arise ?

Not prompt like mine to mark each bloom,

Or rapturous hail the lov'd perfume

Of my *own-planted* bowers ?

The hand alone that cultured, knows

The pleasure that such toil bestows ;

They yield to love and care alone

The treasure of their flowers.

Oh ! scenes to love and memory dear,

Through joy and grief, where many a year

My varied hours have run ;—
If purest bliss my heart has known,
If deepest grief my soul o'erthrown,
Here each extreme has been my own,
And each its course begun.

What future home shall bid arise
Youth's roseate hours, joy's sunny skies,
Life's early dreams, and mem'ry's sighs,
Which these loved scenes endear ?
O'er Autumn's brief and changeful hours
The storm of age and winter lours :
Gay hope no more puts forth her flowers,
They sprung, and vanish *here*.

Through yonder glades, which Autumn now
Has wrapped in tints of richest glow ;
Where ash and beech with golden gleam,
Bright in the crimson sunset stream ;

Where then the vernal lilacs bloomed,
And primrose buds each breeze perfumed,
And waving hawthorns o'er her head
A silvery shower of blossoms shed,
My sister walked ;—I marked her air,
And youth, and hope, and joy were there :
And beauty o'er her nymph-like face
Had shed its soft and transient grace,
Waved the dark hair, and o'er the brow
Had given its polished curves to flow :
The rising gale that meets my ear
Still seems her gentle voice to bear,
The cheerful dear familiar tone
That spoke of hope and peace alone :
And he she loved was by her side :—
So soon to be his happy bride !
Plight the pure faith, and breathe the vow
To love through life as they love now,

And realize those dreams of heaven,
Which but to youth's blest morn are given :
How soft her blush ! how bright her smile !
Alas ! unconscious she the while,
That the fresh wreaths which o'er her wave
Would wither on her wintry grave !

Where wide yon flowery realm extends
Which Autumn's bloom with Summer's blends,
O'er latticed fence and trellised bowers,
Where wind the musk-rose' latest flowers,
Where mingling bright, geraniums glow,
Wreathed with the myrtle's buds of snow,
And fuchsia's crimson tassels fair
Float lightly on the freshening air ;
How often was she seen to stray,
At dewy morn or closing day,

Intent some radiant wreath to twine,
Some offering at affection's shrine,
While chaplets of that pale, pure rose,
For her own modest brow, she chose !

'Twas fell consumption's treacherous power
That bowed her to her early tomb ;
That lent her eyes their dazzling fire,
And flushed her cheek with hectic bloom :
Tho' o'er her fair and wasted face
Each azure vein we well might trace,
Yet still with patient hope she smiled,
And hope each lingering hour beguiled ;
And love and friendship o'er her bed
Their sun-set gleams of radiance shed ;
And death so gently on her crept
We deemed not that she died,—but slept.

* * * * *

Loved sister of my heart ! my own,
Too early lost, too lately known,
Whom tears, nor prayers, nor skill could save,
Meek inmate of a timeless grave,—
Still dear the lonely scenes must be,
That speak of grief, and love, and thee !

* * * * *

—‘ And here *he* dwelt !—amid these bowers,
Whose shrubs perfume the lawn ;
The happy birds’ wild minstrelsy
Awoke him here at dawn !’
Pure as the blush which morning wears
Was that fair cheek’s soft mantling hue,
And hare-bells bathed in twilight’s tears
Ne’er matched that eye’s bright sparkling blue :
His cherub voice was on the breeze,
His frolic step beneath those trees :

Within that hawthorn's ancient shade,
At noon in rosy health he played,
(How proud each humble bud to view,
Which in his own, *own* garden grew !)
Its circling verge his loved domain,
Where yet some wild-grown flowers remain :
Years have passed on, but still the place
Sorrowing my pensive footsteps trace,
Where tangled boughs obscure the day
Or but admit a sickly ray,
Where the pale pink more pallid grows,
And faint and scentless droops the rose.

* * * * *

'Twas here, secure from sorrow's blast,
His bright and brief existence past,
E'en like the wind-harp's thrilling strain,
'Twas sweet, but ne'er shall wake again !

* * * * *

What visions cloud these parting hours,
What sadness shrouds the fading bowers !
Haste ! haste ! and bid these shades adieu,
Which thus my bursting grief renew !
Why stream my tears, why bleeds my heart,
From scenes thus steeped in woe to part ?
My child ! my child !—no more thy name
These faltering, trembling lips proclaim,
No soft voice answers from those shades,—
He comes not bounding through the glades !

* * * * *

Radiant with health and bloom he rose
That morning from his blest repose,
To press ere evening, chang'd and low,
That couch which ne'er shall dawn-light know.

Oh memory, cease !—oh time, controul
The grief, which deep within my soul

A hidden volume lies,—
Of other griefs the wounds have healed,
Of other tears the source been sealed,
And passing years have o'er my head
The dews of blest oblivion shed
For many a later pain ;
But this, undying, undecayed,
Can only with existence fade,
One only consolation know,
Of all that earth and skies bestow,
This world alone divides us now,
—In Heaven we meet again !

Where clematis its odour breathes,
And hangs its tasselled feathery wreaths,
Which fading now, in wild decay
To every breeze of Autumn play,
Where yellow leaves have strewn the seat,
The lonely robin's lov'd retreat,

My Father rested in the sun :—
Well-nigh his earthly journey done !—
O'er the pale brow and silvery head
Her blighting dew had Sickness shed,
Bowed the fine frame, and Pain, and Care
Had left their withering traces there :
But still the bright and eagle eye
Spoke courage firm and purpose high :
Calm and resigned, he bade, like me,
A long farewell to herb and tree,
Saw his last Autumn's sun decline
With fortitude, how unlike mine !
For those he lov'd alone he mourn'd,
To them his parting spirit turned,
Nor for himself could life supply
One fond regret, one half-breathed sigh,
One fear to meet the fate so nigh,—
One wish to linger here ! ✕

* See note page 257

Farewell yon terrace's sunny mound,
Its time-worn urns with woodbine bound,
With sculptured masks so quaintly gay
Calm smiling in serene decay :
Its low gray walls which jasmines climbed,
Where sweetbriar and roses twined :
Light through its ponderous balustrade,
The trembling bells of bind-weed played,
From each worn crevice, shooting fair,
Some self-sown herb perfumed the air,
In tangled wreaths the violets hung,
In golden bloom the wall-flower sprung,
And time and age had o'er it thrown
A grace and beauty all their own :
Who now shall climb its steps, to view
The Summer sunset bathed in dew ?
Drink the rich scents which steaming rise
When purple evening paints the skies,

Where jasmines through the dewy gloom
Load the dim air with faint perfume?
—Or loitering watch the moon-light beam
Across its chequered pavement stream,
Silvering with light each feathery spray
As gleams or fades the varying ray,
Oft quivering o'er the flower-beds near,
Where thousand stems their bloom uprear,
Where veiled in dew the violets sleep,
And moon-light watch the fox-gloves keep,
 And gorgeous hollyoaks ranked around
With long tall shadows mark the ground :
—Or linger there till stars arise
Gemming the east with sparkling eyes,
(Surprized when midnight's drowsy hour,
Sounds faintly from yon village tower,
Startling the night with silvery chime :)
—Or musing watch their pale decline?
—Or prize it with a love like mine?

Fair towering there on either side
The bay-trees reared their stately pride,
Unscathed by storm or wintry air,
Their spicy blossoms flourished there !
How oft they won the stranger's praise
(Expressed in Holy Scripture's phrase,*)
When green amid December's snows
Their varnished foliage darkly rose !

Marking the lapse of tranquil hours†
A dial stood amid the flowers.
How often have I paused, to twine
Yon moss-rose wreaths around its shrine !
No hand might pluck those treasured flowers
That bloomed to charm the fleeting hours,

* See Psalms.

† "H^ora non numero nisi serenas."

"I count only the hours that are serene."

(Inscription on a sun-dial.)

Untouched their lofty blossoms rose,
Untouched their faded leaves repose ;
Upon that base of mossy stone
They died, as they had lived,—alone.

Where yon tall lime-trees screen the lawn,
And lure the bees at early dawn,
Secure within the fragrant shade
The dove her mossy dwelling made :
At twilight's dim and doubtful hour,
Her deep voice murmured from my bower :
Emblem of peace, and love, and rest,
Grateful I hailed the timid guest ;
And bade around her secret shrine
The briony and ivy twine.

Farewell, ye old* *patrician* trees,
Proud ornament of scenes like these ;

* Cowley.

Ye lofty elms ! whose boughs have seen
Two hundred springs renew your green,
And spread o'er pleasures long decayed
Your deep and venerable shade !
Dear to the rooks ;—in earliest Spring
The busy tribes were on the wing,
When March winds bowed the tree's tall crest,
And rudely shook the half-formed nest :
Gay clamouring, on the light air borne,
I heard the flight arrive at morn,
While moaning winds were surging loud,
And chilling showers the dawn-light cloud ;
Ere the low sun had drank the dew,
Or sleep-closed flowers their bloom renew :—
Say ! from what distant lands ye come,
To claim with us your annual home ?
And weave anew, in hope still blest,
The old hereditary nest ?

Ah ! not for me, returning Spring
Shall here your busy numbers bring :
Ah ! not for me again to trace
The wiles of your sagacious race,
To watch your toils, and, day by day,
Idly, your busy work survey :
To see you on the lawn alight,
Or, wheeling, soar in rapid flight,
Intent some ponderous branch to tear
From yon old willow, crisp and bare,—
Or from some pilfering neighbour wrest
The mossy spoil that lined his nest.

Though *here* no more the household hearth
Shall echo to *my* children's mirth,
No more, calm-floating on the breeze,
Its blue smoke curl above these trees,

(While its bright blaze reflected shone
On all I loved to call my own,)
Tho' dim the halls, the chambers closed
Where social love and peace reposed,
Tho' from the barred and silent gate
No welcome I again await,—
Oh ! ever may its green domain
A safe retreat for *you* contain,
Unharmed, and joyous may ye soar !
Tho' I shall see your haunts no more.

* * * * *

'Tis past !—for me some home may rise
'Mid distant bowers and kinder skies,
Whose loftier halls, and ampler space,
May all these humbler charms efface :
Again my books, in stately rows,
May fair their marshall'd ranks disclose,

And to the fire's wide-flashing ray,
Their gold-emblazoned coats display :
Again the china's brilliant dyes
In gay and rich confusion rise ;
And other flowers may spread their bloom,
And breathe their fragrance round my room :
Again the *pendule's* silvery tone
May tell how studious hours have flown,
Or, (welcome to the watchful ear !)
Announce that those I love are near ;
Again the lamps, in order bright,
May pour around their softened light,
The magic ray and mellowing beam,
O'er picture, vase, and mirror stream ;
The high-heaped hearth again may blaze,
And shine on friends of other days :
But ne'er again shall time restore
The charm which *here* each object wore,

Or e'er the heart such gladness prove,
As 'mid the scenes of early love.

Dim through the veil of parted years
So soft, so fair, the past appears ;
So pure the tints that memory throws,
So bright of hope the sun-set glows,
That prouder domes might ne'er impart
So sweet a solace to the heart,
Or ever bowers so blest appear
As these I leave, reluctant, *here*.





FRAGMENTS.

IMITATIONS FROM THE GERMAN, SPANISH,
ITALIAN, &c. &c.

"It is the same feeling that rears the cenotaph or that models the bust: we cannot bear to surrender the memory of those we have loved to the oblivion to which we are ourselves hastening."

"Ce n'est que dans le cœur des femmes qu'habitent les longs souvenirs."

MAD. DE STAEL.



Fragments.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE SISTER OF WM. FALCONER,
AUTHOR OF THE SHIPWRECK,

WHO EMBARKED FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, IN THE AURORA
FRIGATE, 1769, AND WAS NEVER AFTERWARDS HEARD OF.

—“This morning looking over some old papers, I found some notes on chronology, and some remarks on history, transcribed by a hand which has long since been cold and insensible, mouldering on some foreign shore, or buried in some cavern of the ocean. With moistened eyes I traced these reliques of a genius bright yet immature, extinguished before it had fulfilled the promises of hope or the anticipations of affection. What avail, I said, the labours of application and the seal of acquirement: the time is come to thee, dearest William, to us it will come quickly, “When it will profit us more to have subdued one proud thought than to have numbered all the host of heaven.””

From her M.S. Journal.

* * * * *

Ah, reared in fairy bowers,
 Bright visionary flowers,
 That shrunk and faded in life's glowing noon,—
 Gay tints o'er April skies,
 That shed your rain-bow dyes,
 So soon obscured by sorrow's thick'ning gloom !

* Dr. Johnson.

Ye hours ! when social mirth
Rose round the blazing hearth,
When childhood's artless glee and sports were ours,
Is every transport dead ?
Each smiling presage fled
Which strewed his early path with swiftly-fading
flowers ?

That mind-illumined face
'Tis memory's still to trace,
While from her thought-fixed eyes the tear-drops
start,
Each faded charm to stay,
Each vanished grace pourtray,
And clasp the tablet to her bursting heart.

* * * * *

Oh ! let the hallowed shell
He loved in life so well,
In artless accents pour a requiem lay ;
And as the numbers swell,
Breathe a long, last farewell,
To him so loved, so prized from childhood's earliest
day.

In vain the solemn shades
No earthly light pervades,
Shroud thy sad fate from every human eye ;
Fancy her aid intrudes,
The awful pall removes,
And bids my shuddering soul the fatal truth descry

At midnight's solemn hour,
When round the tempests lour,

Waking I start, and, trembling, think of thee!

I hear the wild waves dash,

The straining vessel crash.—

Peace! warring night winds, peace!—rest! rest!
thou stormy sea!

Hark! on the midnight blast

A sound of horror past!

'Twas the last shriek!—she sinks!—Oh! mercy,

Heaven!

Phantoms of anguish cease!

Leave, leave my soul to peace,

Nor be my harassed brain to sudden frenzy driven!

Again the visions rise!

I mark those death-fixed eyes,■

That pallid form so changed, and yet so dear :—

The tempest raves no more ;

Life's last sad scene is o'er ;

Serene he sleeps, nor claims thy fruitless tear.

Or does some Indian Isle,

Where springs eternal smile,

Echo his plaint and list his lonely sigh ?

Through the long dreary night,

Tends he the beacon light ?

Or climbs at dawn the rock, some passing sail to spy ?

Oh, no ! all hope is o'er,

We meet on earth no more,

Not one faint gleam to soothe thy grief is given ;

That form so mourned, so dear,

Floats on a watery bier,

That spirit so beloved thy coming waits—in Heaven.

Peace to thee, gentle shade !

Thy debt to nature paid :

Cease, cease, ye strains ! sacred to grief and love ;

Too fast the tear drops flow,

Too keen my sense of woe,

Even in your soothing sounds a short relief to
prove.

The Dream.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

"Pensamientos me quitan
El sueño, Madre!"

At dawn I left my sleepless pillow,
My couch of pain by sorrow prest,
And wandering wooed the gales of morning,
To calm and cool my feverish breast.

Slow past the night, and slow the morrow
Beamed on these wakeful, tearful eyes;
Oh! why to her who lives to sorrow
Should morning's beams again arise?

Soft zephyrs shook the trembling foliage,
And bowed the poplar's silvery crest,
When, worn with grief and faint with anguish,
Beneath its shade I sunk to rest.

And mingled sounds of winds and waters
With lulling power had banished pain ;
From rest so sweet, from sleep so precious,
Why did I ever wake again ?

The wild-bee lent her plaintive murmur,
The waters joined their lulling fall :
Ah, mother ! why did dreams in slumber
The shades of former joys recall ?

The voice I loved, the smile I cherished,
The form of him I wept, restore,
And bid this bosom throb with rapture,
Which ne'er shall wake to pleasure more.

Oh, mother ! when his shade descending
Had hushed each grief and soothed each pain,
From dream so sweet, from sleep so precious,
Why did I ever wake again.

The Dying Maiden to her Lover,

WHO OFFERED HER FLOWERS.

IMITATED FROM THE OLD GERMAN.

"Ach! was bist du Mädelin."—See "DIE WUNDERWEIBER."

WHAT avails the flowret's bloom?

'Tis to wither on my tomb;

Or that rose-bud, ruby red,

To deck the breast whence life has fled?

Yes, 'tis hard in youth to die,

To light and life to bid farewell;

To the warm and cheerful sky,

To the world I loved so well.

Sadder yet from thee to part,
Youth beloved! now doubly dear;
Solace of this sinking heart
In this hour of pain and fear.

Not to form my bridal wreath,
Not to strew the couch of love,
Do these flowers their odours breathe,
Has thy hand this garland wove.

Withering o'er my recent tomb,
Thou their blighted blooms shalt see;
Emblems of my early doom,
Gathered ere their prime, like me.

Say, when all these pangs are o'er,
Where shall this pale form recline?
Where the yew's funeral boughs
Dripping in the moonlight shine?

No,—where turf and spring-flowers drink
Summer's warmest, balmiest dew,
There thy care the grave shall dress,
There thy hand the flowers shall strew :

Vainly,—to the dead beneath
What avails the rose's bloom,
Or the violet's fragrant breath
Scattered o'er the cold damp tomb?

In the visions of the night
I have seen the place aright ;
Wandering through the church-yard's gloom,
Methought I reached a new-made tomb :
Wide it was, and dark and deep,
There shall I so soundly sleep ;
They shall carry me with pain,
Whence I ne'er shall go again :

Evening's shade shall softly close
O'er my long and deep repose ;
Ceased at length the pausing knell,
Every friend shall bid farewell,
And, forsaking her they mourn,
Slowly to their homes return ;
While upon the lonely grave
Winter winds unheeded rave.

Absent friends may meet again,
Future hours their bliss restore,
Hope may soothe their parting pain,—
But *we* part to meet no more.

What avails the rose's bloom ?
'Tis to wither o'er my tomb ;
Or that rose-bud, ruby red,
To deck the breast whence life has fled ?

Elric and Elsee,

A DANISH BALLAD.

See Ohlenschläger's Trauerspiele.
 "Can tears disturb the dead?"

This ancient ballad is founded on a tradition, often referred to in the early Danish poetry, which supposes "that the grief of surviving affection disturbs the departed;" and there is something very touching in the sentiment urged as a motive for exerting fortitude and for restraining sorrow. This belief is probably common to the other northern nations, for it is alluded to in Mrs. Grant's "Essay on the Superstitions of the Highlands," and the instance she there gives of it is not very dissimilar to the one which is the subject of the following ballad.

THE warder's horn has sounded,

The castle gates unfold ;

High on his stately courser,

Glittering in arms and gold,

The young and noble Elric
Is come to claim his bride,
Returned from Paynim warfare
With heart unchanged and tried.

Serene in youthful beauty,
The maid consenting smiled ;
The white-rose wreaths were woven,
And love each hour beguiled.

Alas ! that death's chill venom
Should lurk where roses bloom,
That love and pleasure's earliest flowers
Should wither in the tomb.

Through summer bowers they wandered,
The moon her soft light gave :
When that full moon again returned,
It shone on Elric's grave.

* * * * *

Heart-struck, in frantic anguish,
The maid all comfort fled :
Have tears and sighs the power
To wake the buried dead ?

Can aught of human sorrow
Disturb their last cold sleep ?
Oh ! cease, beloved Elsee !
Thy lover hears thee weep.

Within his grave he stirs him,
He bursts its portals dread,
Slow through the midnight gloom he hies,
With light and noiseless tread.

Lo! at her chamber's portal

The pale dead form is seen :—

“Awake! beloved Elsee,

“And let thy Elric in.”

From light and troubled slumber

Starting the maiden rose;

“What voice, so loved, so precious,

“Awakes me to my woes?

“I dare not look upon thee,

“I dare not let thee in,

“Until thou nam'st His holy name

“Who died for us, and sin.”

“—Oh, Elsee! loved and cherished,

“Why wilt thou still repine!

“Can aught of sorrow pierce thy heart

“Which is not felt by mine?

“ Not e’en in death’s chill slumber

“ Can my worn spirit rest,

“ While grief and hopeless anguish

“ Prey on that youthful breast.

“ When smiles and peace surround thee,

“ E’en in the grave’s cold gloom,

“ Then freshest flowers, and roses sweet,

“ Around my pale head bloom :

“ But when thy tears, despairing,

“ In ceaseless showers are shed,

“ Then drops of blood bathe my chill brow,

“ And o’er my limbs are spread.

“ Hark ! through the night’s still darkness,

“ The cock’s shrill voice I hear ;

“ It warns me to my narrow house,

“ Ere morn’s first beams appear :

“ Yon stars with waning lustre

“ Before the dawn-light flee :—

“ The grave is for the parted dead,

“ But light and life for thee !”

His fleeting steps she followed,

One star its pale light gave ;

Its faint and trembling lustre

Streamed o'er her lover's grave.

“ Here part the dead and living :

“ No more my steps pursue :

“ No farther may'st thou follow !—

“ Adieu ! a last adieu !”

He said ; she sank in silence,

Her pale cheek prest the grave,

And o'er its chilling verdure

Her long damp tresses wave.

The morning-light returning
 Beamed on her snow-cold breast,
No pulse its life-blood warming;
 The maid had sunk to rest !

Inscription

UNDER A PICTURE OF CUPID SLEEPING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

DISTURB him not ! he softly rests :

Wake not the dreaming rosy boy ;

Rather the rescued moments seize,

And give to Wisdom's best employ.

So while the cradled infant sleeps

The mother plies her distaff nigh ;

Too soon the playful urchin wakes,

And bids her peaceful labours fly.

The Ringlets.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

"A la sombra de mis cabellos
Mi querido se adormio."

FREE to the perfumed summer air
My long loose tresses lightly played,
While leaning on my shoulder fair
My loved one slept beneath their shade.

The vagrant ringlets, lightly curling,
Swept o'er his cheek as zephyr blew :
Can he forget the tranquil slumber
Which then beneath their shade he knew ?

Can he forget the tender praises

He lavished on their nut-brown pride,

When mermaid-like they streamed around me

And veiled me in their floating tide ?

Can he forget the chastened pleasure

With which I watched his slumbering eyes,

While evening's cool and fragrant breezes .

Breathed round our couch their balmy sighs !

The whispered vows, the soft caresses,

Which gave his willing soul to me,

Which bound me to his love for ever,

Can he forget !—nor cease to be ?

The Couch of Rest.

If I wait the grave is my house; I shall make my bed in the darkness

Job, chap. xvii.

There is no device or knowledge in the grave, whither thou hastenest.

Ecclesiasticus

“—OH, weave for me some brighter bowers,
Where care has never gloomed the day,
And rear for me some fairer flowers,—
My sweetest bud is torn away!

And twine for me of heavenly growth,
Some wreath of bright immortal bloom,
Unlike the frail and transient sweets
That withered o'er my darling's tomb.

And bear me from this bed of pain,
To some soft couch of downy rest,
Whose pillow ne'er was stained by tears,
Or by grief's aching temples prest.

And bid some bud of opiate power
In balmy dews my temples steep,
To still the throbbing pulse of care,
And close these eyes, that wake to weep.

Oh, haste!—let love's, let friendship's hand
The couch of ease and peace prepare :
I'll rest beneath its curtained shade,
Nor dream of pain or sorrow there."

"—Deep o'er that low, that narrow bed,
The shrouding folds of darkness fall,
And calm and tranquil mayst thou sleep,
Reclined beneath its shadowy pall.

No voice of kindness there shall breathe,
Or love's fond eye that gloom explore ;
Or friendship lift that awful veil
Or dare one trembling visit more.

By all forsaken and forgot,
Even those thou loved'st shall pass thee by ;
Shall shuddering quit the gloomy spot,
And heave for thee a distant sigh.

The Scarf,

A NORWEGIAN BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

**THE Norse-King's fair-haired daughter
Sits in her splendid bowers ;
And dreams of love and sorrow
Beguile her lonely hours.**

**No joy from courtly revels
The blue-eyed maid receives ;
For him, the loved, the absent,
A glittering scarf she weaves.**

And dawn, and sun-set's radiance,
The busy work beholds,
And moonlight's dewy lustre
Gleams on its glistening folds.

Still o'er her loom she carolled—
“ Breathe soft ! ye vernal gales,
“ And swell with favouring breezes
“ My lover's lingering sails.”

Silver and sable tressure
The silken tissue graced,
And on its burnished border
The maid her name had traced.

While noble suitors round her
In mail-clad splendour shine,
Each youthful warrior whispered,
“ Oh ! might that scarf be mine !”

Still o'er her loom she carolled,

“ Flow soft ! thou summer sea !

“ And bear on gentle billows

“ My heart's true love to me !”

And autumn's roses round her

Their fading fragrance strew,

Yet still their ceaseless labour

Her snowy hands pursue :

As at her gilded lattice

Her busy work she plies :—

Torn by some sudden whirlwind,

The rustling tissue flies.

Amazed the maid beheld it

To wafting winds a prey,

And saw the spangled treasure

Borne from her sight away.

Her drooping heart received it
As ominous of ill ;
Loud howled the rising tempest,
The evening gales blew shrill :

And screaming sea-gulls land-ward
Their eager pinions ply ;
She saw their snow-white plumage
Glance through the darkening sky.

Forth from her perfumed coffer
A sable veil she drew,
And o'er her shivering bosom
The mourning mantle threw.

Still on her couch she murmured,
“ Rest ! rest ! thou stormy sea !
“ Nor let thy foam-white billows
“ Divide my love from me.”

Three days and nights desponding

In sable weeds she sate ;

When hark ! the warder's clarion

Peals from the lofty gate.

A vassal's hasty summons

Has scared the midnight's sleep ;—

“ The King's fair fleet has perished,—

“ Floats shipwrecked on the deep.

“ Wild o'er the lofty vessels

“ The driving tempests rave,

“ And many a gallant warrior

“ Has found a watery grave.

“ And arms and treasures floating,

“ Bestrew the sea-beat shore,

“ And many a youthful lover

“ Shall see his bride no more.”

Pale in the pallid moonlight,

The heart-struck maiden stands :

“ And what the garment, stranger !

“ Which glitters in thy hands ? ”

“ A scarf :—the waves have steeped it ;

“ I brought it from yon shore,

“ And he in life who prized it

“ Shall never heed it more :

“ A young and death-pale warrior

“ Had wrapped it round his breast,

“ And to his lifeless bosom,

“ The silken folds were prest.”—

“ —Oh ! base and cruel stranger

“ To rob the helpless clay,

“ How daredst thou from its master

“ Bear that loved pledge away ?

“ Take back its useless treasure

“ To where his pale limbs rest,

“ And let it still enshroud him,

“ And to his heart be prest.”

“ Haste ! haste ! his grave make ready ;

“ His bride prepared shall be :

“ Within that narrow chamber,

“ Leave ! leave a place for me !”

Lines

WRITTEN IN A VILLAGE CHURCHYARD,

NEAR A GRAVE IN WHICH A CHILD AND HIS MOTHER HAD BEEN
SUCCESSIVELY INTERRED.

“In morte non divisa.”

WHOE’ER thou art, whose chance-directed tread
Strays o’er these lonely mansions of the dead,
Where no fond hand at morn has scatter’d flowers,
And no loved friend has wept at evening hours,
Mark, as thine eye this moss-grown stone surveys,
One humble tomb that asks nor tear, nor praise ;
Whose lowly tenant claims no passing sigh,
Nor deemed it bliss to live, or grief to die :
Calm on that hour with heaven-taught faith she
smiled,
And blest the hand which led her to her child ;

Bade her in death his grave's lone quiet share,
And granted love and grief's impassioned prayer.

Unknown, forgot, contented thus to rest
On the loved pillow of her darling's breast,
She asks not kindred's sigh or friendship's tear,
Or widowed love to bend in anguish here ;—
She bids them fly:—resign the death-changed form
To the grave's darkness, and its tenant worm ;
Yield to the voice of nature unproved,
And shun in death whom best in life they loved.

The Parting.

A ROMANCE FROM THE SPANISH.

"Vete, amor! vete,
Mira que amanecce."

Q

STEALING o'er the shades of night,
Slowly dawns the rosy day,
Speed, oh! speed thy lingering flight,
Rise, my love! and haste away.

Ours the dark, the silent hours,
Night's cool shades, and shadows dun,
Doomed to own a tyrant power,
Severed by the rising sun.

Leave, oh ! leave these circling arms,
Not e'en love thy steps detain,
Thus unseen mayst thou depart,
Thus unknown return again.

Not for us in pleasure's wreath
Does the thornless rose appear,
Doomed in swift reverse to prove
Rapturous joy and chilling fear.

Burst the bonds of languid sleep !—
Brighter flames the coming day
O'er yon mountain's misty steep.—
Wake, my love ! and haste away.

When the sun from half-blown flowers
Steals the dewy gems of morn,
Then I weep a richer pearl,
From my arms untimely torn.

Veiled in clouds of purest white,
Fair to all the new-born day ;
But I mourn its dawning light,—
Rise, my love ! and haste away.

Busy footsteps wander nigh,
Whispering voices murmur near :
Save me, love !—arise and fly,
Swift dispel this chilling fear.

Happier hours and lengthened bliss
Shall love's treasured debt repay,
Shall redeem this parting kiss...
Haste, my love !—away, away !

Fragment,

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLOPSTOCK.

“Wiederschen! O du liebenden wieder-schen.”

—To meet again! oh! blessed, happy thought!
Even in the grave to lay me down beside him,
To mix my dust with that which while it lived
Was dearest, loveliest, most precious to me,
Even *that* were bliss!...but to behold his face,
To see him brightening in celestial bloom,
And radiant with immortality!...

The Lament.

THE MOTHER LAMENTS THE LOSS OF HER CHILD.

“ I shall go to him, but he shall not return unto me.”

SAMUEL II.

A WEARY life is mine, my love,
 A weary life is mine,
 To miss thee wheresoe'er I rove,
 In endless grief to pine ;
 To feel each morn's returning ray,
 Each eve my tears renew ;
 And e'en my very dreams repeat
 Thy last, thy sad adieu, my child !
 Thy last, thy sad adieu ! •

Oh ! when shall death with gentle hand,

 This weary being close,

And rest me in the humble spot,

 Where thy dear limbs repose ?

I must cast off this mortal veil,

 Victor o'er death and pain ;

I must pass through the grave's dark gates,

Ere we two meet again, my child !

 Ere we two meet again !

Mine be a wreath of funeral flowers,

 The sickly-scented rue,

The rosemary of pallid bloom,

 Meet herb o'er graves to strew :

- The buds of spring, the rose of May,

 Far from my couch remove,

Nor bid me view their beauty bloom

 When passed is all I love !

Faint beats my heart, low throbs my pulse,

Soon shall that throb be o'er ;

And faint and slow the current glides,

Which soon shall flow no more.

Is it thy spirit hovering o'er,

That whispers hope and peace ?

That bids the trembling doubts and fears

Of anxious nature cease ?

* * * * *

Fair wert thou in thy living hour,

And bright thy soft cheek's rose,

But fairer yet thy sainted form

That blesses my repose :

The angel-shade which bending o'er

My couch of pain I see,

Which, smiling, bids me weep no more,

But rise, and follow thee !

* * * * *

The wintry gale sighs round my bower,
Cold beats the heavy rain,
And slow returns each weary hour,
Till we two meet again :
Not such the swift-winged hours of eve,
Which here with thee I knew,
When yon hearth's gay blaze warmed thy
glowing cheek,
And shone in thine eyes so blue !

Again its reddening beam illumines
Thy couch, so dear to me ;
And the light shines bright on thy vacant seat,
Which ne'er shall shine on thee, my child !
It ne'er shall shine on thee.

The Invisible Spirit.

A FRAGMENT.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF LUIGI TANSILLO.

The shepherd Filauto, overcome with grief for the loss of his bride, enters a forest with the resolution of destroying himself; his purpose is arrested by a voice from a tree.

THE VOICE.

STAY thy rash deed ! nor thus with impious hand,
The appointed purpose of high Heav'n oppose :
Stay thy rash deed ! 'tis Heaven commands thee,
stay !

Nor with the stain of guilty blood profane,
My tender shrubs and love-devoted flowers.

FILAUTO.

What spirit's voice, thus bursting from the tree,
Bids me prolong a life I seek to close ?

THE VOICE.

Hold ! suffering wretch ! for better, happier hours,
For days of peace, kind Heaven commands thee
live :

Yield and obey ;—so shall my voice unfold
Such joys, such wonders as thy softened heart
Shall with fresh life and new-born transport
hear.

FILAUTO.

Transport and joy for me live not on earth ;
When through the gloomy gates of death I've
passed,
Their new-born sounds may welcome me to heaven.
But can it be that in this cold damp bark
A mortal voice, a human spirit dwells ?
Or does some fiend mock my despairing soul,
And bid me live, yet deeper pangs to know ?

Or art thou of the Sylvan deities,
Such as, erewhile, in lone Egerian Grot,
Breathed her sweet counsels on Pompilius' ear?
Oh! Goddess, if thou art, or Driad Nymph,
If thou would'st still that in immortal green
Thy tree should spread to heaven its favoured
shoots,
Safe from the woodman's axe, the wintry shower,
Or blasting lightning that with livid fire
Might blight its buds and living green deform,—
That still beneath its screen labour should rest
And love and friendship meet within its shade,—
Oh! let it now a last retreat afford
To one, who asks of all that earth can yield,
But a small space—a shelter, and a tomb.

THE VOICE.

No wandering fiend, no woodland deity

Am I : does then thy soul forget the maid
Adored in life, in death beloved too well?
Does grief, does madness shroud thy smothered
sense,
That not thine ear her well-known voice recalls,
Erewhile in life so grateful to thy soul?

. FILAUTO.

'Tis she herself!—Oh! my awakening heart!
My life! my bride! my loved, my mourned one,
speak!
Speak! show thyself! and let my eager eyes
Drink at the long closed fount of love and joy!

THE VOICE.

It must not be; unto thine ear alone
Conviction is vouchsaf'd: nor sight, nor touch,
May to thy sense a further proof convey.

FILAUTO.

Am I awake? or do I sleep entranced
In bliss profound?—eternal be my dream!
But say, sweet Spirit! does thy

* * * * *

This passage is taken from an Eclogue of Luigi Tansillo, the author of the poem called *La Balia*; "The Nurse" which has been so beautifully translated by Mr. Roscoe.

The Divorce;

OR THE WIFE OF HASSAN AGA.

AN ILLYRIAN BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

WHAT glistening white thro' the dark shadowy
woods

Reflects the earliest sunbeam's rosy ray?

Is it the wintry snow that lingers still,

Or snow-white swans that there their wings
display?

The wintry snow has past in streams away,

The swan far south her glittering pinion plies ;

It is the gleam of Hassan Aga's tents :

Suffering and faint 'tis there he wounded lies.

With duteous care to tend his couch of pain
His mother and his sisters hastening come ;
But she who loves him best, his timid bride,
Waits his commands, and weeps and sighs at
home.

Soon as returning health had tinged his cheek,
The indignant scroll he bade his slaves unfold ;
“ Wait me no longer in my father’s halls,
Nor ever more thy slighted Lord behold.”

Heart-struck she heard, while from her polished
cheek,

The rosy hues of health and freshness fade ;
O’er her fair limbs cold chilling tremors steal,
And dewy mists her full dark eyes o’ershade.

When, hark ! loud echoing thro' the marble courts,
The courser's hoofs ; the gates are open riven :
Breathless she flies to meet her angry lord,
To clasp his knees—to weep—to be forgiven.

“ Ah ! not our father comes to cheer thy heart ;
(Her hapless children disappointed cry ;)
It is thy brother Ibrahim who arrives,
With sullen mein and anger in his eye.”

Weeping, she sunk into her brother's arms :
“ Oh, Ibrahim ! see and share thy sister's grief :
Dismissed, divorced, the mother of these babes,
—Say, is it thine to bring some blest relief ?”

Silent and sullen he beheld her tears,
And from the crimson silk unfolding drew
The finished proof of Hassan Aga's wrath,
And held the fatal parchment to her view :

“ Despise the wretch, who thus, without a cause,
Can worth and beauty from his couch remove ;
Come unreluctant to thy father’s halls,
And form a happier tie, and seek a newer love.”

She turned, and on her children speechless gaz’d ;
She kissed their rosy cheeks which tears bedew ;
But, of the helpless suckling at her breast,
In vain she strove to take a last adieu.

Around her neck it twined its clasping hands ;
Its cherub smiles a mother’s cares implore ;
Stern Ibrahim snatched it from her trembling arms,
And bore her fainting thro’ the closing door.

Too soon arriving at her father’s towers,
In mourning weeds she seeks her charms to hide ;
But thro’ the shadowy veil her beauty shone,
And wealthy lovers wooed her for their bride.

Bagdad's rich Cadi seeks her for his own ;

Weeping she strove her brother's soul to move :

“ Not to another give this grief-worn form,

Or deem this heart can know a second love.

Dear, tho' unjust ; beloved, tho' unkind ;

Still all my hopes and joys with Hassan rest.

No mortal force can break the tie which binds

My children's father to this sorrowing breast.

“ Say, canst thou think my soul forgets the bliss

“ That once with him in happier hours I knew ?

“ That, ever perjured to another lord,

“ I'd give the faith I ne'er from him withdrew ?”

Unmoved he heard ; he gave her shrinking hand ;

Yet one last boon her timid lips implore :

“ Say to the Cadi, that his sorrowing bride,

“ Whose silent tears in vain her lot deplore,

“Close veiled, and hid from every curious eye,
“Entreats, that, when the bridal pomp appears,
“She may not view again her former home,
“She may not see her orphan children’s tears.”

The Cadi heard—the humble wish obeyed ;
And, pleased to shroud her from the vulgar
view,
O’er the fair form and features of his bride,
The rich-embroidered crimson veil he threw.

Minstrels and guards in gay procession come ;
Proud of their state, the rich-decked coursers
move ;
And now the bridal pomp has reached the dome,
Once the dear home of Hassan and of love ;

Her children saw, and, vain her slight disguise :

“ Our mother comes ! oh, haste ! the feast
prepare !

“ Wherefore, unkind, hast thou delayed so long ?

“ Why left us sorrowing to a stranger’s care ?”

She heard ; and turning to her glittering train,

“ Halt here (she said) before this much-loved
door ;

“ The bridal gifts here let my children share :

“ Here let me weep and bless my babes once
more.”

The guards obeyed ; the costly gifts she gave.

The gold-wrought spurs one smiling boy possest ;
And the gay robes, rich veils, and chains of pearl,
With equal joy his rosy sisters blest.

E'en o'er the cradled babe her trembling hand

The embroidered shawls and costly coverings
threw ;

" Sweet cherub ! smil'st thou on thy mother's tears,

" Unconscious that they speak a last adieu !"

Unseen had Hassan gazed, and stern he spoke :

" Cease, my ~~de~~loved babes, to urge your tender
claims,

" Your mother's heart no longer beats for you ;

" No trace of all her tenderness remains.

" Forgetful of our former loves—of you ;

" A second flame alone her bosom warms ;

" Oh ! cease, forsaken ones, to urge her stay ;

" Return to your deserted father's arms."

Trembling and pale, the keen reproach she heard ;
And as the children from her arms retired,
Her breaking heart, escaping, burst its bonds :
She sunk ; and, shivering, with a sigh expired !

“ In our road to the English head-quarters, from the convent of the Propagandists, we met a marriage procession. First came a person bearing a box, looking like that kind of shew which is carried about in the streets of London, covered with gilding and ornaments: the use of this we could not learn. It contained, probably, the bridal presents. Next followed two boys, superbly dressed, and mounted on very fine horses richly caparisoned. Two grooms were in attendance upon each of these horses. Then followed a great number of men on foot. After these came the bride, beneath a canopy supported by four men, and preceded by a female attendant, who, as she walked, continued to fan her with one of the semicircular fans of the country, made of differently-coloured feathers. The bride was entirely covered by a veil of scarlet crape, spangled from head to foot; she was supported on each side by a female, veiled according to the common custom of the country. Then followed a band of musicians, playing upon hautboys and tambourines. After the musicians came a party of Almehs, screaming the Alleluia, as before described. The procession closed with a concourse of people of all descriptions.”—*Dr. Clarke's Travels.*

The Sister.

"Vedilla in sogno."—FILICAJA.

WHEN sickness bowed my drooping head,
 And death's pale shades were o'er me spread,
 I saw her ;—by my couch of sleep
 I heard a soft sigh breathing deep :
 Faint gleaming through the silent room,
 The night-lamp scarce dispelled the gloom,
 When lo ! her form its light revealed,
 By death's chill veil so long concealed.

Still o'er that fair but wasted face
 Did loveliness maintain its place ;
 That youthful, slight and fragile form
 Seemed bending from the midnight storm,

And o'er her bosom's scarce-seen swell,
The long dark tresses loosely fell.
One shadowy hand upon her breast
The dimly floating grave-clothes prest,
And one was raised in act to speak ;—
Pale, pale, was that once glowing cheek,
And from those dark and shaded eyes
No more their wonted lustres rise.

* * * * *

Oh ! loved and lost !—my own in vain,
And art thou given me thus again ?
And shall the hour of death renew
The bliss which once in life we knew ?
Com'st thou, sweet saint ! so still and fair,
Through dewy clouds and midnight air,
To guide my footsteps through the gloom,
And lead me to our kindred's tomb ?—

Mine be thy place of lowly rest,
The turf upon thy dear cheek prest,
The sacred dust which sleeps around,
Hallowing the more than holy ground,
And mine that slumber of the tomb,
Which lulls thee, till thy hour of doom :
But who may hope the lot to share
Which angels shall to thee declare ?
Oh ! who may hope to reach that heaven,
To thy tried faith and meekness given ?
Seraphs around thy humble shrine,
Shall wake thee with their hymns divine,
And pleased to crown the modest worth
They watched over, while yet on earth,
Present at the Eternal Throne
A purity so like their own.

The Forsaken One.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GÖTHE.

“Trocknet nicht! trocken nicht!

“Thränen der ewigen liebe!”

Flow still, ye tears of sorrow!

Tears of eternal love;

No gay returning morrow

Shall e'er my grief remove.

ALAS! viewed by that dim desponding eye,

From which despair, not patience, dries the tear,

How dead, how drear, how silent, how forsaken,

Does the wide desert world appear!

Flow, flow ye tears of sorrow,

Tears of eternal love,

No gay bright-beaming morrow

Shall e'er my grief remove!

Epitaph on a Child.

"Being dead, still speaketh."

HEBREWS.

WEEP not, that in the dreary tomb
 Ere manhood's bud, in childhood's bloom,
 Forlorn and dark I lie ;—
 Weep not—o'er early-fading flowers
 Doth summer shed her balmiest showers,
 And soft and clear their transient hours.
 That ere their winter, die.

The glow of love, the smile of truth,
 The bounding pulse of health and youth,
 Childhood's wild glee, and bliss sincere,
 Its rapturous hope, its transient tear,

To me in life were given :
Mother ! restrain that bursting grief
Which vainly seeks on earth relief,
Assured, who in the grave recline,
With spotless innocence like mine,
May fearless wait the Archangel's sign,
And sleep—to wake in heaven.

Lines

WRITTEN ON A FIELD OF BATTLE, NEAR THE SEA COAST, IN AFRICA,
WHERE THE SPANIARDS HAD BEEN DEFEATED BY THE MOORS.

FROM THE SPANISH.—HERRERA, SONETO CI.

BARBARIC land ! that in thy clay-cold breast
 Wrapped'st the dread relics of the slaughtered
 brave,
When Freedom bowed to earth her towering crest,
 And Valour stretched in vain her shield to save.

Hark ! as the wild winds sigh amid thy woods
 From their high oaks clashes the trophied mail ;
O'er the rank grass the blood-stained corslet gleams,
 And mouldering pennons tremble in the gale.

(Oh, not till Death had quenched the hero's fire
 Were those good swords, those well-tried shields
 laid low,
 Not till the nerveless arm confest his power,
 Doomed the proud triumph of a barbarous foe.)

* * * * *

And thou, oh Sea ! whose green clear waves were
 stained

With noble blood, on high thy billows swell ;
 And while according winds join their deep notes,
 Breathe round ~~their~~ ^{thy} echoing shores this last
 farewell.

“ Spirits of glory ! Warriors of the West !

“ Your warfare o'er, depart in peace to heav'n :

“ The tears of Spain, the blessings of your race,

“ (Valour's heroic meed,) to you be given !”

Anacreon's Grave.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

“WHOSE yon grave, where rose and myrtle,

“Bays and ivy, blossom round?

“Where the glossy laurel towers,

“By the vine’s rich clusters crowned?

“There at eve the red-breast warbles,

“There the ring-dove loves to mourn;

“There the grasshopper’s gay carol

“Earliest greets the spring’s return.”—

—“Low beneath yon hill of fragrance.

“Loved and mourned, Anacreon lies;

“Sweet the flowers that deck his pillow,

“Soft the sleep that seals his eyes.

“ Summer’s, Spring’s, and Autumn’s treasures,

“ Each the laughing Poet crowned ;

“ Shelter from stern Winter’s rigours

“ In this calm retreat he found.”

Faustina Maratti to her Rival.*

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

"Donna ! che tanto al mio bel sol piacesti."

THOU ! who too long in soft and rosy chains
 Held'st the dear object of my heart's best care ;
 Whose angel smile he still delights to praise,
 Whose long loose tresses he still deems so fair ;
 Say, did thy syren tongue's seducing strains
 His wrapt attention ever fail to move ?
 Did e'er those eyes on his their radiance bend,
 Nor met responsive tenderness and love !
 From that fair face could he avert his gaze,
 To those soft accents turn a listless ear ?

* Faustina Maratti was the daughter of the celebrated painter, Carlo Maratti, and wife of the poet Giambattista Zappi.

—Ah no ! in me alone his cold disdain
 Wakes the unheeded sigh, the unpitied tear.
 But why that rosy blush, that downcast eye,
 Those soft emotions which my fears fulfil ?
 Speak ! answer ! speak !—nay, answer not,—
 forbear :
 Oh ! tell me not the false one loves thee still.

Invocation.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH OF GARCILASO DE LA VEGA

"O hijo de mi alma
Porque de me te olvidas!"

—CHILD of my soul!

Awhile neglectful of thy mother's woe,

Say, does thy seraph tongue forget to plead

At the High Throne to speed the lingering hours

When, casting off elate this veil of flesh, -

I may burst through the gloomy gates of death,

And rush to life, to liberty, and thee?—

With thee to wander through celestial fields,

With thee to nurse and tend unfading flowers;

Led by thy hand, by living founts to stray,

Through bowers of peace, and vallies whose calm
shades

Have ne'er, like these, echoed the sounds of woe.

Still to be near thee ; still my eager gaze

Insatiate on thy cherub face to pour ;

And while the tide of rapture swells my heart

Entranced, to hear some angel's voice pronounce

“ Absence nor death shall ever part ye more !”

The Parting

OF THE CID RODRIGO AND XIMENA.

FROM SEVERAL ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS.

"La noble Ximena Gomes
 "Hija del conde Lozano,
 "Con el Cid marido suyo
 "Sobre mesa estava hablando."
 * * * * *
 "Triste, quejosa y corrida
 "Viendole tomar el espada
 "Con lagrimas y suspiros
 "Le dice aquestas palabras"....

THE glittering wine-cups graced the stately banquet,
 Rodrigo sate beside his new-made bride,
 Soon, soon to quit her, 'midst the plains of slaughter,
 Again to quell the Moorish rebels' pride.

Her mild eyes fixed in steady gaze upon him,
 Each well-known feature on her heart imprest;
 Till starting tears obscured the much-loved object;
 She turned and wept, and thus her grief express:—

Say! can thy heart which still to mine responded,
 Its dearest hopes, its short-lived joys forego?
 How can'st thou risk a life to me so precious,
 And rush, oh! wildly rush to meet the foe?

Thrice blest, thrice happy is the lowly damsel*
 Who never mourned the ills which war creates,
 Ne'er felt the fetters which high birth imposes,
 Or knew the sorrow which on rank awaits;

Whose hopes and fears, whose wishes and affections†
 Are bounded by her humble cottage-walls;
 Who while she clasps her husband and her infant,
 Sighs not for gilded roofs or splendid halls.

* "Desdichada la dama cortesana

r/ "Que casa le mejor que casa puede!

"Y dichosa en extremo la aldeana,

"Pues non ay quien de su bien la desahereda."

† "Piensa que todo el mundo esta en su aldea

"Y debaxo un pajiso y pobre techo

"De dorados palacios no se cura:

"Que no consiste en oro el ventura.

Secure she sleeps ; till dawn serene returning
Through latticed porch or vine-wreathed casement
beams ;

No trumpet's voice awakes her soul to mourning,
Or from her pillow scares its love-blest dreams.

Tranquil she sleeps, save when her cradled infant*
Bids her for sweeter cares resign her rest,
Cheerful she starts to hear the well-known sum-
mons,
And clasps the cherub to her milky breast.

How blest her heart to mark his eager transport,
To watch his glowing cheek, his half-closed eye,
List his sweet tones of murmuring contentment,
And lost in sleep, his last soft-breathing sigh.

* " No ² ~~le~~ despiertan sueños de pelea
" Sino el sediento hijuelo por el pecho ;
" Con darsele y brincarle se recrea
" Dexandole dormido y satisfecho."

No bliss so pure our folds of costliest satin,
Veil from the mid-day sun's intrusive ray:
Ours but a dream of bliss, a smiling phantom,
At honour's thrilling voice to fade away!

Tho' early dawn to daily toil awaken
The artless partner of her joy and care,
Returning eve restores the faithful goat-herd
The humble meal and lowly couch to share.

The sabbath bell to early mattins wakes her,*
Joyful she hastes to join the village train,
With silver brooch, and cross, and beads of coral,
The gayest, happiest peasant of the plain.

* "Viene el disanto muda se camisa

"Y la saya de boda alegremente, i

"Corales y patena por divisa

"De gozo y libertad que el alma siente."

The child's salute, the rustic neighbour's greeting,*
 Her father's blessing too, with joy she hears ;
 No early grief consigns her youth to weeping,
 Or bids her lonely beauty fade in tears.

Oh ! that my fate to such a lot had called me,
 That with my love I might such safety know !
 Nor weep the anguish of this parting moment,
 Nor shudder at anticipated woe !"

—Pensive upon his sword, Rodrigo leaning,
 Beheld and shared the grief his pride suppress ;
 Subdued at length to tears, the stately warrior
 Pressed the fair mourner to his noble breast.

* " Vase al sobra, y en ²lejos goes y risa,
 " A la vecina encuentra, o al pariente,
 " De cuyas rudas plasticas se goes
 " Y en anos de vejes la juegan mom."

"Cease ! cease thy plaints, my loved, my own
Ximena !

How had thy father o'er such weakness mourned !
Say, could Lozano's daughter brook dishonour ?
Or love the soldier whom his country scorned ?

My king demands my arm, my country calls me,
Their well-known chief my gallant soldiers claim ;
Soon shall the haughty Moors confess our prowess,
Their glittering ranks ensanguined strew the
plain.

Clasped in thy arms, or pillowed by thy bosom,
Not e'en thy charms now soothe my soul to rest ;
In starting dreams I hear the battle's tumult,*
Or strain the conquered standard to my breast.

* " En sueños gime y forceja

" Que culda que esta lidiando,"

Sudden 'tis hushed—our victory decided—
Shrouded in night the dead and dying lie ;
Mute in the dust the voice that breathed defiance,
And closed in death the terror-darting eye :

On fancy's ear the peal of triumph swelling,
The trophied pomp, the bannered train I see ;
The laurel-wreath again my temples shading,
I clasp each bliss and hail my meed, in thee !

Soon, soon my love ! shall heavenly peace,
returning,

Our lost repose, our past delights restore,
From thee and Spain chase pale regret and
mourning,

And war and slaughter vex the land no more :

How will thy heart then these fond fears despising,

rhin My triumphs ~~lighten~~ and my glories share ;

Recall, with joy recall this hour of anguish,

And bless the saints who heard thy soul-breathed
prayer.

Narcissa.

SEE YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

She died ;—and o'er her lonely tomb
No hand was seen to scatter flowers ;
No requiem breathed along the gloom,
Save some lorn bird's, at twilight hours.

Her lowly couch of buried rest
I might not, could not brook to see ;
Or tread upon the turf which prest
The form on earth most dear to me.

The Gold Chain.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

(The poet addresses a gold chain, the gift of his mistress.)

BELOVED memorial of departed pleasure,
Still prized, still cherished, on my bosom rest :
Thy fragile links outlast the bonds which fettered
My heart's loved mistress to this faithful breast.

Forlorn, forgot ; by heaven and her neglected,
Far from my home, from peace, from hope I stray ;
But still thy spell hangs o'er my throbbing bosom,
And still thy sight recalls love's fleeting day.

So the poor bird, who long has pined a captive,*
If chance his slender chain at length is torn,
To native hills, to well-known fields and fountains,
Wings with impeded flight his late return :

Still, still he drags the galling chain behind him,
His songs of mirth, his hours of bliss are o'er ;
—Ah ! native hills ! oh ! well-known fields and
fountains,
Ye soothe the care-worn fugitive no more !

* This alludes to the German custom of confining a bird, not in a cage, but by a slight chain affixed to a perch.

Anticipation and Reality,

OR THE SPRING AND SUMMER OF 181..

"Aestatem increpitans seram, sephyrosque morantes."

—"Chiding the slow summer, and accusing the loitering sephyræ."

VIRGIL.

"Spring! with thy charms, prythee come!

"I long for thy gay sunny hours;

"Clothe the thick woods round my home,

"And bid me revive with thy flowers:

"Borne on thy fresh blowing breeze,

"The blessing of heaven descends"....

BLOOMFIELD.

—SHE came! with soft clear foliage hung the
bowers,

Breathed on the buds, and waked the slumbering
flowers;

Wan snowdrops hung their pale cold florets round,
And primrose buds and violets strewed the ground,

Her bursting gems the scented lilac reared,
Laburnum's pendent golden wreaths appeared,
While Hope's soft radiance o'er each morrow
shone,
That love and peace had hallowed for their own.

"Wake from thy wintry sleep!" I cried, "oh
rose!

Pride of the year, awake! thy charms disclose;
A brighter wreath let summer's hand prepare,
A richer fragrance cloud the sultry air:
Ye jasmines, breathe! night-scented woodbines
tower

In gay luxuriance o'er my summer bower;
Carnations! spread your spicy incense round,
And with your richest hues inlay the ground;
Each balmy shrub, each musky bud prepare
To deck the favourite spot that claims my care."

They came !..... and Summer wove her glowing
wreath,
And showered her fragrance,.....o'er his bed of
death.

* * * * *

O'er the pale form, and through the death-still
room,
Night-scented woodbines poured their rich per-
fume;

Soft on the sighing night-winds breath it stole,

And woke to keener agony my soul.

Through that dread night the cuckoo's plaintive
mean

Pained my dull ear, scarce conscious of its tone,

And birds with joyous warblings hailed the
morn

In which my soul to misery was born.

—Wide round that once-loved spot, that summer
bower,
Towered each gay shrub and glowed each favourite
flower ;
While sickening anguish viewed their opening
bloom,
Bedewed with tears, and wrapped in death's chill
gloom,
And deemed each sweet luxuriant nature gave,
Rose but to wither o'er *his* timeless grave.

Oh darling child ! beloved and wept in vain,
Destined to thrill my heart with joy and pain,
To bid my breast each varied feeling prove,
Of pride and anguish, hope, despair and love,
Once more, farewell !...and buried with thee, rest
Each high vain hope that heaved thy mother's
breast,

Visions of bliss to soothe our day-dreams given,
Dissolved on earth—but realized in heaven !

Oh ! lost to me.....in vain I search around,
Or weeping gaze o'er all the well-known ground ;
No more thy garden's toils employ thy care,
Or once-loved flowers thy evening labours share ;
Scattered around the rake, the hoe, remain,
But their dear master there I seek in vain :
Laden with fruits, and crowned with wreaths of
vine,
Like some bright being of a happier clime,
He hides not, playful, 'midst those tufted bowers ;
His fair face beams not through their clustering
flowers ;
In vain I seek him in the accustomed room,
All there is silence, solitude and gloom :

The casements closed, his favourite birds in vain
Wait from his hand the crumbs or scattered grain,
With drooping wing and anxious note repine,
And by their artless mourning, heighten mine ;
He comes no more the light repast to share,
Soft at my feet to breathe his evening prayer ;
With me to ply his task at noon-tide hours,
With me to tend at eve the drooping flowers,
To bid each day my petty sorrows cease,
And form at night my dream of hope and peace,
He's gone ! he's gone !.....Oh ! ask not, how or
where,
'Tis death to speak ;—'tis agony to hear.

* * * * *

.....' Fade ! ye frail flowers, memorial of his
doom ;
Less fair, less sweet, sink to your wintry tomb !

—Lo ! from my wreath is fallen the living rose,
With paler hues each neighbouring floret glows,
The chaplet fades !—its bloom, its freshness o'er,
It glads my sight, it cheers my heart no more.

* * * * *

No more at night, soft gliding to his room,
I watch in sleep his fair cheek's heightened bloom,
Or fondly gazing, bid his father trace
The softened beauty of his lovely face :
Bend o'er his couch with mingled pride and joy,
And breathe a blessing o'er my darling boy,
Smooth the warm folds, the pillow place with
care,

And mark the pictured volume treasured there,
Some tale of arms that bade his heart beat high,
And woke the living lustre in his eye,
Or mournful ballad of forgotten years,
That claimed the ready tribute of his tears.

Ah ! what availed that fair cheek's living glow,
The lip of roses, or that neck of snow ;
The bright hair tinged as by the morning's beam,
The eye blue sparkling, like the moonlight stream :
The rapid glance with kindling genius fraught,
The fair arched brow shaded by pensive thought ;
The blended beauty of that cherub face,
Its angel dignity, its infant grace ;
The smile that beamed of heaven—that spoke of
bliss

Too high, too pure, for such a world as this !—
..... Oh ! early rescued from misfortune's power,
Shielded e'er sin could blight, or sorrow lour,
The angel's palm, the seraph's wreath are thine,
And grief and disappointment, only mine."

—Hope heard abashed ; she veiled her radiant
head,
On drooping wings to brighter worlds she fled,

In Eden's green unfading bowers retired,
Her torch extinct at heaven's pure altar fired,
And as its kindling radiance gilt the gloom,
And streamed along the pathway to the tomb,
Her seraph voice low whispered to despair,
View there thy home of bliss ! lo ! peace and rest
are there.

There shall the suffering heart forget to weep,
And soft the mother by her infant sleep ;
And as ere while in sweet and tranquil rest
He hushed his earliest sorrows on her breast,
Stilled his low sobs, and safe till dawn of day
Slept in her arms, and dreamt his cares away,
A deeper silence, and a dread repose
Shall lull to peace the feeling of her woes,
Shall seal in welcome sleep those tear-worn eyes,
Till the long night is past,—and the last morning
rise.

The Crusader's Return.

A TRADITION OF THE RHINE.*

A FRAGMENT,—IMITATED FROM SCHILLER.

“SIR knight,” she said, “a sister’s love
Is all I feel for you,
Seek then from some fairer maid,
A heart more warm and true.

Not ours the rapid conscious glance,
Exchanging hope or fear :
The grief which trembles in your eye
Wakes not in mine the tear.

* “We passed by the ruins of the convent of Nonnenswerth, and saw the remains of the castle of Rolandseck among the cliffs.”—

M.B. Journal of a Tour on the Rhine.

No warm blush kindles o'er my cheek
When first you meet my view ;
No soft sigh rises in my breast
When sad you bid adieu.

Some fairer maid in happier hour
With answering love shall burn ;
Then cease to woo this lumbering heart
Which owns no soft return."

—Silent he heard the cold decree
Which bade his bosom bleed ;
A moment clasped her to his heart,
Then vaulted on his steed.

—"Away! away! to the Holy Grave!"—
—He called his martial band ;
He bound the red-cross on his breast,
And forsook his native land.

And soon against the Paynim foes
He wields his lance so keen,
And ever amidst their thickest ranks
His helm's white plume is seen :

Till at the youthful hero's name
A shuddering fear they feel :
But still in his heart bled the secret wound,
Glory nor time could heal.

—Mid loud alarms and secret griefs
A year had passed away :
Silent he leaves the echoing camp,
He bends his homeward way.

And now on Joppa's sacred strand
White gleams the swelling sail ;
And now he hails his native land,
He breathes his native gale.

And to his castle's lofty gates
In pilgrim weeds he hies,
And with trembling lip the question frames
His faltering tongue denies.

* * * * *

At length the unconscious menial's ear
His master's words have caught.

—"The Lady Emma! does she live?—

* * * * *

—"She lives," he said, but wears the veil,
She is the bride of heaven,
Yesternight at the holy shrine
Her faith to God was given.

O'er that fair face and angel form
The shrouding veil was thrown,
And those shorn curls of amber hair
Rest on the altar's stone."

* * * * *

He laid his plumed helm aside,
He cast his shield away,
And for the warrior's mail exchanged
The hermit's amice grey.

Where never arm shall wield it more,
His sword to rest was laid ;
But one fond tear of last regret
Dropped on its glittering blade.

—" Farewell ! " he said, " my gallant steed,
Farewell ! my noble bay !
No warrior's hand shall curb thee more,
Or guide thee 'midst the fray :

Go ! wander free ;—unworn by toil
Thy future days shall flow ;
Amid thy native fields enjoy
That peace I ne'er shall know."

—Where lime-trees shed a fragrant shade,
Her convent towers appear ;
And reared by his own knightly hand,
His humble cell is near.

From glowing dawn to fading eve
He watched that latticed pane,
Of that fair face and graceful form
One transient glance to gain.

* * * * *

Inscription

ON THE TOMB OF MADAME LANGHANS

AT HINDELBANK, NEAR BERNE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HALLER.

This celebrated monument represents her as ascending through the newly opening grave, bearing in her arms the infant whose birth occasioned her death.

—“HARK!—through the gloom the archangel’s
trumpet speaks!

Child of my anguish! from thy slumbers rise:

Thy Saviour’s voice the grave’s dread silence
breaks,

And bids thee seek with me thy native skies.”

The Zephyrs.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GESSNER.

FIRST ZEPHYR.

**AH ! cease, amid that rosy bower
To bathe thy shadowy wings in dew,
But bend with me thy airy flight,
And pleasures sweet as mine, pursue.**

**In yonder cool sequestered valley
The nymphs now bathe in crystal streams,
While fairer through the sparkling waters
Each sweet, each softened beauty gleams.**

SECOND ZEPHYR.

Swift spread thy light, thy shadowy pinions,
And swift thy wanton sports pursue,
While here amid these rosy shades
I cool my wings in perfumed dew.

O'er thy fair nymphs in noon-tide hour,
Thy fanning pinions light display,
Steal fragrance from each opening flower,
And to their breasts the sweets convey :

But know, amid thy frolic raptures,
'Mid transports to thy thought so dear,
A purer joy, a softer pleasure,
A sweeter office waits me here.

Here, past this thick o'er arching foliage,
Soon shall a maiden bend her way,
Fair as the morn's first dawning radiance,
And mild as eve's last lingering ray.

See'st thou yon lowly moss-roofed cottage,
On which e'en now the sun-beams gleam?
To aid its sick and feeble tenant,
She hastened there at morn's first beam.

'Tis hers with sweet and soothing power
To still the throbbing pulse of care,
To wing disease's lingering hour,
And whisper peace to pale despair.

At her approach two beauteous infants
To meet their loved protectress fly,
And at her sight, one ray of pleasure
Lights their sad mother's languid eye,

Soon shall I see her thence returning,
With modest air and aspect meek,
While the soft glow of virtuous pleasure,
With livelier crimson tints her cheek.

On her warm cheek the bright tear glitters,
And trembles in her radiant eye ;
—Oh ! think what joy, when swift to meet her,
Veiled in a balmy cloud, I fly.

Kiss from her eyes their pearly treasures,
O'er her my dewy wings display,
Cool her soft cheek, and fan her bosom,
And with her amber tresses play.

FIRST ZEPHYR.

Oh happy Zephyr ! with such pleasures
My truant sports can ill compare ;
I'll wait with thee the nymph's returning,
And sweets for her with thee prepare.

But see ! through yonder willowy bower
She comes, and by the winding stream,
While glittering through their pearly shower,
Her eyes with mildest radiance beam.

Oh beauteous nymph ! I fly to meet thee,
O'er thee these balmy dews I fling ;
Thou'rt bright as summer's glowing hour,
And milder than the new-born spring :

Ne'er has my sportive wandering pinion
A dearer, sweeter form cared ;
Ne'er kissed a cheek of richer crimson,
Or wantoned on a fairer breast !

THE

Resemblance between two Children.

A FRAGMENT.

—" In him her fond imagination viewed

The child she loved in heaven, on earth renewed."

MONTGOMERY.

* * * * *

.....WHAT though the mild tints which that
cheek adorned,

Vied not with *his* who she adored, and mourned ;
Not his the mien that spoke the aspiring soul,
The glance at once to charm and to controul ;
The kindling radiance from those eyes that broke ;
The roseate bloom that brightened as *he* spoke ;
Yet still some transient look, some fleeting grace
Bade her charmed eye the living likeness trace ;

Beamed o'er his form, and with its heaven-fraught
ray

Recalled the shade of beauty, passed away :

And his the voice which breathed of all she loved

Which waked the o'erpowering sorrow it reproved ;

Which when in angel-tones her name it spoke

Or softly breathed her morning slumbers broke,

She deemed *his* pitying spirit hovered nigh

And feared to chase the vision by a sigh.

* * * * *

The Shrine of Cupid.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GESSNER.

OH Love! sweet Love! in May's first fragrant
hour,

Did I not rear this shrine with studious care ;
And kneeling, weeping, own thy sov'reign power,
And breathe to thee my warmest, fondest
prayer?

Did not each rosy dawn's first beams behold me
With new-culled fragrant garlands deck thy
shrine,
With musky pinks, sweet thyme, and glowing
roses,
Bathed in the morning's dewy tears, and mine?

Did I not teach the myrtle's glossy foliage .

Gently to bend, and arch into a bower ?

Bade here the rose diffuse its softest perfumes, ' .

And plant around each sweetest, fairest flower ?

Alas ! in vain—already wild winds raving,

Strip the pale leaves, and sweep the flowers

away,

And Phillis coldly still beholds my passion,

Cold and unmoved as on the first of May.

The Infant's Death-bed.

SCENE IN THE COTTAGE OF A LABOURER.

—“ LIFT the veil that shades his cradle,

Balmy sleep has closed his eyes.”

—No !—upon those darkened eye-lids

Death's eternal slumber lies.

Lo ! the couch of restless anguish

Where he pined and moaned ere while ;

Now upon those pain-worn features,

Rests a faint and placid smile.

Lovely e'en in death, my baby !

That soft smile, that aspect meek,

Beauteous still the pallid roses,

Which bestrew thy faded cheek.

Stilled the pulse's feverish flutter,
Fled the flushed cheek's hectic bloom,
Thine the peace no pang shall trouble,
Thine the slumber of the tomb.

Never more shall day's warm radiance
Cheer thee with its genial beam,
Never more yon moon's cold lustre
On those pallid features gleam.

All unheeded and unheeding,
Cold this cherished form shall rest ;
And the crumbling grass-clothed hillock,
Rise above that tender breast.

Harmless round thy lowly dwelling
Rain shall beat, or tempest rave ;
Vainly, summer's perfumed zephyrs
Waft their fragrance o'er thy grave.

For thy play-mates' busy murmur,
Active sports and noisy glee,
Peace and rest shall be thy portion,
Night and silence dwell with thee.

Life's vain cares and toils returning,
Soon shall thought of thee efface,
And thy happier, healthier brother,
Fill thy vacant cradle's space.

Soon, full soon, thy lisping sister
Shall thy absence cease to mourn ;
E'en thy mother's heart, forgetful,
Cease to weep her eldest born.

But not thus within my bosom,
Shall thy gentle image fade,
Or my heart its grief resigning,
Cease to mourn thee, lowly laid.

For 'twas mine to watch thy pillow,
Each fond care in vain to try,
To behold thy parting anguish,
To receive thy latest sigh.

Cherub ! rest,—thy trials over,
Early set life's feeble ray :
Cherub ! past thy night of sorrow
Waken to eternal day !

The Frozen Waterfall,

OR THE POET'S WISH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GESSNER.

Is this my favourite haunt? this the loved bower

Beneath whose balmy shade entranced I lay?

This the steep height from which the mountain-
stream

Through tangling foliage wound its glittering
way?

Alas! where once thy crystal current pour'd

O'er flowers and velvet moss its foaming tide,

In gloomy pomp an icy pillar stands

And glitters, dazzling 'gainst the rock's tall side.

Silent and naked now the tufted bower

Where once gay zephyrs through the foliage
played,

Scattered the hawthorn's bloom in snowy shower,
Or whispered through the gently-waving shade.

While through the parting boughs a transient beam
Shot sudden brightness through the dusky
bowers,

Tipt with soft light the white waves' feathery
foam,

And glanced on downy moss and starry flowers.

Alas ! how changed :—yet soon shall youthful
Spring

Breathe on thy buds, dissolve thy icy chains ;
Again thy stream shall health and freshness pour,
Again shall flowers and verdure deck thy plains.

Receive me then beneath thy peaceful shade,
Hide me where care shall never find me more,
Ye waters ! lull me with your soothing fall,
Thou downy moss ! my lost repose restore.

From the cool stream and from the breezy hill,
From the dark grove, and from the peaceful
vale,
When youthful Spring breathes transport o'er my
heart,
And each unfolding bud with soft delight I hail.

While thus I rest beside thy limpid stream,
And list the music of its dancing waves,
No prouder wish my artless bosom frames,
Nor other joy my humble spirit craves.

Thrice blest the poet, if his simple strain

Wake love's soft sigh, or beauty's ready tear,

The untaught praise of youth and childhood gain,

Or to a future age his humble name endear.

Ode.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROSENGARTEN.

" La religion dominoit son ame ; en se saisissant de sa disposition a la
melancholie ; de son penchant pour les images sombre ; de son occupation
continuelle et profonde du souvenir et de la destinée des morts."

MADAME DE STAEL.

STROPHE.

" Peaceful is the Grave !"

TRANQUIL waters flow,
Softest zephyrs blow,
Coolest shadows o'er its precincts rest,
Silence breathes around,
All is peace profound,
Where our mother-earth receives each way-worn
guest.

Here the weary rest,
Here the throbbing breast
Of grief, of care, of love itself, is still,
In dreamless slumber bound
Forgot each aching wound,
And buried in the dust each waking sense of ill.

ANTISTROPHE.

“ Fearful is the Grave !”

Blasting night-winds sweep
Chilling horrors creep,
Night and silence o'er its confines reign ;
There their Sabbath deep,
The gloomy sisters keep,
There with death enleagued their awful rule
maintain.

Bound in icy chains,
There his prey remains ;
Locked for ages in its gloomy cell ;
No voice, no sound is there,
No breath of vernal air,
'Tis death's abode, and there his gloomiest horrors
dwell.

STROPHE.

Not within its breast
Shall night eternal rest,
Summer suns shall fade, and stars decline,
Ages roll away,
While beneath its sway,
Still its powerful arms the slumbering guest
confine.

But when years are past,
When suns no longer last,
Loud the Archangel's trump shall peal the note of
doom,
Where death's shadows lay,
Shall bloom eternal day,
And light and life pervade the bursting tomb.

From the cleaving earth
Shall rise her second birth,
The parting waves with wakening myriads swarm ;
The grave yields up its trust,
And the rekindling dust,
Again with life, and sense, and breath, be warm !

Lines

TO THE MINIATURE PICTURE OF A CHILD.*

(PAINTED BY T. HARGREAVES, 1810.)

" Oh blest are they who live and die like *him*,
 Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned !"

WORDSWORTH.

—" J'étois jeune encore, mais ce doux sentiment de jouissance et d'esperance qui vivifiè la jeunesse me quitta pour jamais :—dèslors l'être sensible fut mort a demi : je ne vis plus devant moi que les tristes restes d'une vie insipide : je venois rechercher le passé qui n'étoit plus, et qui ne pouvoit renaitre."—ROUSSEAU.

" Il sera toujours pour toi l'enfant cheri, l'enfant immortel."

LONG years have passed, yet still while here I
 bend,

Fast flow the tears that weep thy early doom,
 Still on my soul the secret sorrow preys
 That mourns thee low in thy untimely tomb.

* It represents him as having just closed the little volume from which he had been repeating his prayers.

Oh ! best beloved ! (was aught on earth more
dear ?)

Is this, alas ! all that remains of thee ?

Dim through my tears the lovely image smiles,
Still, as in life, from care and sorrow free.

Blest be the hand which thus with sacred skill,

This cherished idol to my heart has given ;

Rescued from time and death that cheek's soft
bloom,

And shown the lost on earth, preserved in heaven.

Such as erewhile, in childhood's blissful hour

I saw him sporting on that flower-strewn sod,

Nor knew the whirlwind fate was on the wing,

Which instant summoned him, to meet his
God.

(Ah ! who so bright, so pure, so fit to die

By brief transition to that heaven to rise,

Which bade him bless me for some few short
years,

Then swift recalled him to his native skies !)

The same soft radiance gilds that amber hair,

The same bright smile in those blue eyes I see!

—Angel of heaven ! still breathe thy artless
prayer ;

Oh intercede for her who mourns for thee !

For her, who rich in every earthly joy,

Still heaves for thee the secret lingering sigh,

Still mourns her fair-haired, blooming, darling,
boy,

Born but to smile and bless her—and to die.

If here, while kneeling at my feet, thy prayer

In daily incense did to heaven ascend,

Still for thy mother feel an angel's care,

Still o'er her fate a seraph's guard extend.

When dangers threaten, or when sorrows try

To shield, to save her, to thy charge be given !

On hovering wing receive her parting sigh,

Guide her freed soul, and welcome her to
heaven !

The Fountain.

AN ECLOGUE, IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH OF GIL POLO.

SEE HIS "DIANA ENAMORADA."

DIANA AND ALCIDA.

Time—Noon.

ALCIDA.

Now while the sun pours wide his arrowy beams,
 And nature sickens in the blaze of day,
 Faint and more faint the labourer plies his toil,
 Or wearied sleeps beneath the pine's tall shade.
 The languid nymphs from the day's dazzling eye
 Seek refuge: deep within impervious cells,
 Or stretched supine upon their mossy beds,
 They list the tinkle of the falling drops
 That slow distil upon the rocky floor.

Now drooping silence reigns : save where around
The restless grasshopper's shrill note is heard,
Or languid song of shepherdess, reclined
In the cool shade beside her fleecy care.

—Lead where yon fountain sparkles through the
glade,

O'er whose clear brink the fragile hare-bell
bends,

That loves to trace its beauty in the waters :

There zephyr whispering through the trembling
leaves,

Dips his light pinions in the current clear,

And sprinkles freshness o'er the languid flowers :

There shall our songs the noon-tide hour
beguile,

And each soft gale Diana's accents bear :

—Oh ! mountain spirit ! dweller of the rock,

Sweet echo ! answer from thy mossy cave !

DIANA sings.

Hail to thy waters ! crystal fountain,
Which spreading health, and freshness rove
Thy sparkling tide, whose plaintive murmur,
Might soothe all pain but hopeless love.

Oh ! ever on thy turfy margin,
May rosy laughing spring preside,
Her freshest tints, her sweetest odours
Enrich the flowers that deck thy side.

And still may boisterous Anster, passing
Revere the bright abode of spring,
No wild gales tear thy willowy bowers,
Or sweep thy buds with blighting wing.

Here may the lily breathe its fragrance,
The violet here its perfume shed,
And to each early-wandering zephyr,
The primrose bow its modest head.

ALCIDA.

Ne'er may the busy city's tumult
Thy silent sacred bowers invade,
No wild horn rouse thy slumbering echoes,
Or fright the red deer from thy shade.

The whispering voice of passing zephyr,
The fearless red-breast's mellow song,
The soft-breathed vow of faithful lover,
Alone be heard thy banks along.

DIANA.

Here ne'er may listless heifer straying,
To shun the thirsty noon-tide hours,
Disturb thy cool pellucid waters,
Or trample on thy new-born flowers.

Oh ! ne'er may hapless lover languish,
Reclined along thy willowy side,
Or bitter tear of hopeless anguish
Pollute thy pure, thy crystal tide !

But ever on its mossy border
May love and peace delight to rest,
And cherub innocence gay carol,
And cull thy flowers to deck her breast !

The Maltese Boat Song.

MY light bark rides careering
O'er Malta's moon-light sea ;
Its free course idly steering,
Fondly I muse on thee, my love !
Fondly I muse on thee !

Fresh from the shore, cool rising,
The wakening land-breeze springs,
Through orange-groves distilling
Rich fragrance on its wings ;

But fresher gales are straying
Around those English bowers
Where one lov'd maid's lone sighing
Breathes sweeter than those flowers !

Oh winds ! that whistling round me,
Disperse the white wave's foam,
Bring, on your viewless pinions,
Some tidings from my home !

Bear of love's sigh the echo,
Of friendship's voice the cheer ;
Tell, if the lov'd remember,
Their absent wanderer here ?

When noon with burning lustre
Broods o'er the waveless sea,
My loose sails languid, drooping—
Pensive I muse on thee, my love !
Pensive I muse on thee !

When evening's rosy radiance
Dies on the western wave
And purple clouds o'ershadow
Each sea-beat cliff and cave ;

When, far o'er ocean stealing,
The last faint bugle sounds,
And from the rocks, low pealing,
The sun-set gun resounds ;

When morn, in arrowy brightness,
Beams o'er the glimmering sea,—
In lone and listless musings
Fondly I think of thee, my love !
Fondly I think of thee !

Retrilla.

FROM THE SPANISH.

"Ventecico murmurador."

WANDERING zephyr ! on murmuring pinion
 Rustling the tall pines' silvery crest,
 Sing me the lay, that in hours of my childhood,
 Lulled my young bosom to careless rest :

Rock the soft cradle of thought reposing !
 Bind my tir'd senses in slumber's chain ;
 On all life's ills may these weary eyes closing
 Wake but to love and to hope again !

Hark ! through the leaves, to thy whisper responding,
 Floats the lov'd cadence of happier hours,—
 Now stealing near me, now dying in distance,
 Breathing of gladness, of freshness, and flowers !

Set to Music by JOHN LODGE, Esq. and published by LONSDALE.

“ Oh ! wherefore should we meet again.”

TO LORD B—N.

MARCH, 1816.

’Tis past ! the glittering dream has fled !
The spell is broke ! the charm is o’er !
The tie my proudest hopes that blest,
I live to scorn, or to deplore.

Far from my heart, my eyes, remove
The weakness that such loss could mourn !
—Why should I sink beneath the grief
Another has so lightly borne ?

With chill’d affection’s alter’d eyes,
With cool reserve and secret pain,
With mingled sorrow and distrust,
Oh ! wherefore should we meet again ?

Time may pass by, and on its wings
The mem'ry of the past may bear,
And friendship in oblivion's veil
May shroud thy faults with tend'rest care ;

But with such joy as once we felt
Each other to our hearts to strain,
And with such love as once we lov'd,
Oh ! never shall we meet again !

My wounded breast may cease to feel
The thorns thy hand has planted there,
And age the fervent spirit chill
That lov'd thee with too fond a care.

Resentment's throb and passion's swell
Sorrow and sickness may subdue,
And nature in my soft'ning heart
May kinder thoughts and hopes renew ;

But with such love as once we felt,
Pure from distrust, regret, or pain ;
With hearts to joy and fondness true,
Oh ! never shall we meet again !

Chill'd is the breast which once for thee
With passion's holiest feelings glow'd ;
Clos'd is the heart which once on thee
Its warmest, firmest faith bestow'd.

The thrilling look, the frown austere,
The withering glance of hate or scorn,
From eyes that once such softness beam'd,—
Oh ! how could such dread change be borne !

* * * * *

O'er thy pale brow of classic beauty
Love showers his wreaths, her laurels fame ;
Oh happier ! if just praise awaited,
The husband's worth, the father's name.

Vain, on thy heart's high altar blending,
The poet's flame, the warrior's fire,
If, 'mid those dazzling splendours fading,
Religion's holier glow expire.

* * * * *

Where meek repentance wins her heaven,
Where love and peace immortal reign,
Each feud forgot, each fault forgiven,
'Tis there we two may meet again !

For vows before God's altar spoken
May never breath of man repeal !
And hearts once link'd, then rudely broken,
High heav'n, and heav'n alone, can heal !

A Venetian Ballad.

“ Venite per me, cari amici! venite per me ?”

A poor young lady whose reason was unsettled, and who was confined in a solitary abode on the shores of the Adriatic, imagined that every approaching Gondola brought her lover to rescue her, and saluted every passing one with the inquiry, “ Venite per me, amici !”—“ are you coming for me ?”—The story is beautifully told in Lady Morgan’s “ Italy.” See Note.

SWEET friend ! art thou coming ?

I weary alone ;

The winds murmur round me,

The wild billows moan.

Alone from my lattice

I gaze o’er the wave :

Oh when wilt thou come, love !

To rescue, to save ?

When morning is dawning
I watch the dim sea,
And fancy thy white sail
Returning for me :
Slow fades the bright speck
In the tossing wave's foam,
And my heart sinks—despairing
Of thee and of home.

Oh ! lend me thy pinions
Bright bird of the sea !
Or bear to my mother
Some tidings of me :
The beauty she cherished
Is faded with care,
And shorn are the wreaths
Of my long braided hair :

From wave to wave gliding,
In joyous career,
No force binds thy pinion,
No prison is near :

Now thy white wing is glancing—
Is lost in the foam ;
So dies in my bosom
The fond hope of home !

Again !—'tis the dash
Of the gondolier's oar,
And the song of his gladness
Is borne to the shore :—
Oh ! *now* thou art coming !
The welcome bark nears ! —
Alas ! it glides past me,
Dim seen through my tears.

Slow dies the lone chant
O'er the far moon-light sea :
It is not my lov'd one
Returning for me !

Hope.

NELL' IMAGINE DELLA SPERANZA.

FROM "GLI EMBLEMI DELL' ALCIATI."

"Diverse Imprese." Edizione—Lione, 1549.

THOU ! whose eyes of sparkling cheer
Still art fix'd on heaven's bright sky,
To whose cheek of rosy bloom
Morn has lent her purest dye,—

What thy name ? fair goddess, speak !
Angel-form of light and air !
Gladness gilds thy wakening smile,
Radiant flows thy sunny hair:

—“ I am Hope : to me 'tis given
To assuage the woes of earth ;
Who my softening influence owns
Happiest he of human birth.

“ At my bidding sorrows fly,
Care, with all his train, retires,
Doubt, distrust, and envy die,
Faith relumes her fading fires :

“ Mine the soothing, magic voice,
Breathing peace to those who mourn ;
Whispering to the anxious heart,
Sweet result and glad return :

“ Mine the beam which sorrow's night
Still with doubtful radiance cheers,
Shedding through its deepest gloom
Rainbow-light, diffused in tears.

“Golden sleep and dreams of cheer,
Days serene my reign proclaim,—
Dearest gift of heav’n to earth,
Joy my dower, and Hope my name!”

—Why in grass-green mantle clad?
Why do flower-buds crown thy hair?—
“’Tis that, waken’d by my breath,
Spring’s fresh tints and wreaths appear.”

—Wherefore does thy gentle hand
Bear the shatter’d spoils of Love?
Broken darts and useless bow,—
Tell me what those trophies prove?

Death’s fell shafts are mingled there;
Can’st thou foil the conqueror’s power?
“No! to all who in me trust
Comes the inevitable hour.

“ When life’s torch is quench’d in death,
When love’s home in ruin lies,
Soon Hope veils her radiant head,
Swift regains her native skies.”

The Child's Sick-Room.

"Where the measured hour returns,
And the pallid night-lamp burns
Ruddier, when the dawning day
Pours a yet more sickly ray."

—MIDNIGHT'S gloom is round his bed ;
Death's pale shadow o'er his eyes :
From thy dream of trance-like sleep,
Wake, sweet infant ! Frederic, rise !

Not to me shall lingering day
Dawn of hope or peace convey :
Here my restless watch I keep,
Bend and pray, and wake and weep :

Trembling mark the hectic flush
Triumph o'er health's temperate blush ;
Trembling see the feverish start
O'er those pain-worn features dart.

—THOU ! who heard'st the widow's prayer,
Breathed in anguish and despair,
And to her doubting, straining eyes
Bade her death-changed son " Arise !"—

—Look with pity on my grief !
Shield him from the opening grave !
Thine alone the word to speak ;
Thine alone to heal and save !

The Death Bell.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF THE MARCHESE MANARA.

Cessa ! bronzo lugubre, il tristo metro."

CEASE, sullen bell ! whose iron tongue proclaims
The thrilling tidings of eternal sleep :
E'en while I hear my pausing heart grows cold,
And icy tremors o'er my senses creep.

Methinks e'en now I press the funeral bier,
(While ready hands the op'ning grave prepare)
Soon, soon to mingle with my kindred earth,
The dread communion of the dead to share.

The midnight tapers through the shadowy gloom
Pour on the pallid dead a sickly ray,
While, solemn echoing through the vaulted dome,
The chanted requiem breathes its soothing lay.

Shrouded in sable weeds, a beauteous form
Bends o'er the couch and weeps her lover fled :
—Cease, cease my love ! no human griefs or cares
Disturb the hallow'd sabbath of the dead.

From the pale cheek, closed eye, and stiffen'd form,
Affection, shudd'ring, turns in tears away ;
From her cold hand the withering flowrets fall
She brought to scatter o'er the lifeless clay.

Has the freed spirit sought the realms of light ?
Basks it, exulting, in eternal day ?
Or, wand'ring plaintive through the glooms of night,—
Cease, fancy ! cease, the rash, the impious lay :

No farther dare the dread abyss explore ;—
Low bow'd to earth I tremble and adore !

FROM THE ITALIAN OF

Faustina Maria Maratti,

ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT SON.

" Amato figlio, or che la dolce vista
Sicuro affiggi nel gran sole eterno," &c.

BELOVED child ! that now with heav'n-cleared sight
Drink'st the pure radiance of eternal day,
Nor longer feel'st the chill and deadly blight
Of swift-wing'd cares which earthly joys allay ;

Not thee, belov'd ! from every grief remov'd,
From dangers freed, and early blest, I mourn ;
But o'er my vanish'd hopes my bosom bleeds,—
O'er love's best ties, in thee untimely torn.

Blest in thy love, and in thy beauty blest,
What joy-winged hours my anxious spirit knew !
No dark foreboding robb'd my soul of rest,
Or chill'd the hope that with thy being grew !

Oh ! not reproachful from thy realms of bliss
Look on thy mother's still enduring woe :
An angel's tears might fall o'er griefs like this,
If angel-breasts could human suff'ring know.

Oh, sadden'd world ! oh, dark and faded bowers !
Thus, ever thus, does joy's bright planet wane ?
Is hope's fair bow for ever quench'd in showers ?
And hours of bliss o'erpaid by years of pain !

This Sonnet and the preceding one, translated at her desire, are dedicated to my early friend, SOPHIA, Duchess of Cannizzaro.

The Muleteer ;

A SPANISH BALLAD.

“ No me olvides, nunca !
No me olvides, no ! ”

THE GIRL OF THE MOUNTAIN INN, OR POSADA,
TAKING LEAVE OF THE MULETEER.

NEVER forget me, never !
“ No me olvides, no ! ”
Though fated now to sever,
While thus my fond tears flow.

Thy mules, their light bells ringing,
Snuff the fresh morning air,
Each social beast requiting,
With love, thy friendly care ;

Proud of thy voice endearing,
Of crimson harness gay,
Of silken fringe and tassel,
That in the light breeze play,—

When far o'er dale and mountain
Their distant course they steer,
When dawn's cool gales are fanning
My joyous muleteer,—

When on some brown sierra,*
While noon-tide fervours glow,—
Never forget me, never!
“No me olvides! no!”

As up the steep, slow climbing,
Thy steps their path pursue,
And songs, the way beguiling,
Their cheer and thine renew,—

* Mountain.

Still may the lay remember
The maid who loves thee so—
Who weeps that thus we sever,—
Never forget me ! no !

And when some lone posada
Thy mules' slow foot-steps near,
Oh ! who shall haste to meet thee
With love, and joy, and cheer ?

The vine's fresh fruits present thee ?
The savoury meal prepare ?
And bid thy weary favorites
Each kindly solace share ?

Who the soft couch provide thee ?
The wine's cool draught bestow ?
—Never forget me ! never !
“ No me olvides ! no ! ”

No more! no more!

THE WEARINESS OF LIFE IN OLD AGE & SICKNESS.

"Still I think I hear her faint voice repeating these words, and see her slight, and even then beautiful hand, waved in placid rejection of every thing that was latterly proposed or offered to her."

No more of life's vain hopes and causeless fears ;
 Of eager wishes, once a boundless store,
 Of fond affection's vainly lavish'd cares,
 Of fruitless tears, of hopeless prayers,—no more !

Of weary nights, of slowly lingering days,
 Of wasting pain with languid patience borne,
 With eyes that feebly watch'd the sun's decline,
 Nor hoped refreshment from the breath of morn :

Of perfum'd flowers, of cheer that spring-time brings,
Of summer's bloom and autumn's ruddy store,
Of all that once could food or medicine yield,
Of hope, of light, of life itself,—no more !

Life's feeble taper trembling to its rest,
The half-breath'd sigh, the transient struggle o'er,
Soon shall these eyes, by dreamless slumbers prest,
Be doom'd to languish and to weep—no more !

And *thou* ! who kneeling by this couch of pain,
Pour'st the fond tears by filial sorrow shed,
Let not thy heart the welcome mandate mourn
Which bids me quit for heaven this thorny bed :

This couch of pain where restless fever wakes,
This failing strength which no rich balms restore :—
Oh, let thy heart, when the dread hour has past,
Rejoice I feel these lingering pangs no more.

Thine my last glance, and thine my parting sigh,
The precious blessing to thy fondness given ;
Thine each dear care that anxious love might try,
And thine the hope,—to meet again in heaven !

Bid my freed soul, exulting, seek its rest—
Burst the frail bonds its weary being wore,—
In happier realms through countless ages blest,
Ordain'd to suffer and to die—no more !

Lobe shut out of the Flower-garden.

FROM THE SPANISH OF RODRIGO COTA.

Cancionero general.—Valencia, 1611.

“Sal del huerto ! miserable !”

CLOSE the porch and bar the door !
Onward may thy footsteps stray ;
Never more, in idle hour,
Bend thou here thy treacherous way !

HEART'S-EASE tremble all around
As thy wild breath wanders by ;
ROSES, to thy bosom bound,
Yield their latest, sweetest sigh.

Cruel boy ! abjured and scorned,
 Here thy blushing trophies glow :
 LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING all around,—
 Speed thee, dangerous vagrant, go !

Where yon fountain sparkles clear,
 Low beneath its willowy shade,
 Nurslings of one parent borne—
 LOVE-AND-IDLENESS have played.

Where yon wild rose flaunts her flowers,
 (Once its garlands bound my hair),
 Chang'd for me those sunny hours,
 Thou thy thorns hast planted there !

Fragrant WOODBINE, all untwined,
 Wanders here forlorn and free,
 Emblem of the maiden's mind
 Who has plac'd her trust in thee.

How, within my calm retreat,
Did thy truant footsteps stray ?
Bow'd beneath thy breath's control,
Did my steadiest fence give way ?

PASSION'S-FLOWERS are past and gone ;
Still around one lonely spot,
All her turquoise gems unchanged,
Blooms the meek FORGET-ME-NOT.

Once beneath thy wild control
Shone the hour, or gloomed the day ;
Now my chaste'n'd bosom owns
Wisdom's rule and reason's sway :

Leave me to my new found peace,
Leave me to my late repose,—
Here at length my struggles cease,
Here my heart forgets its woes :

Joy of purer influence born,
Hope of loftier aim I know,—
Now thy stormy power I scorn—
Leave me, child ! thou need'st must go.

* * * * *

—Art thou fled without a word ?
Clos'd the porch and barr'd the door—
Are thy lov'd companions gone ?
Fair-hair'd youth had flown before !

Must I from each idol part,
To each transport bid adieu,
Which around my youthful heart,
Once its blest delusions threw ?

Yet, sweet Love ! with tears and grief
I thy wings receding see ;
Sorrow still on parting waits,—
Hope and Joy retire with thee !

Voltaire's Dream.

ADDRESSED TO THE PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA, AMELIA, YOUNGEST
SISTER OF FREDERIC THE GREAT.

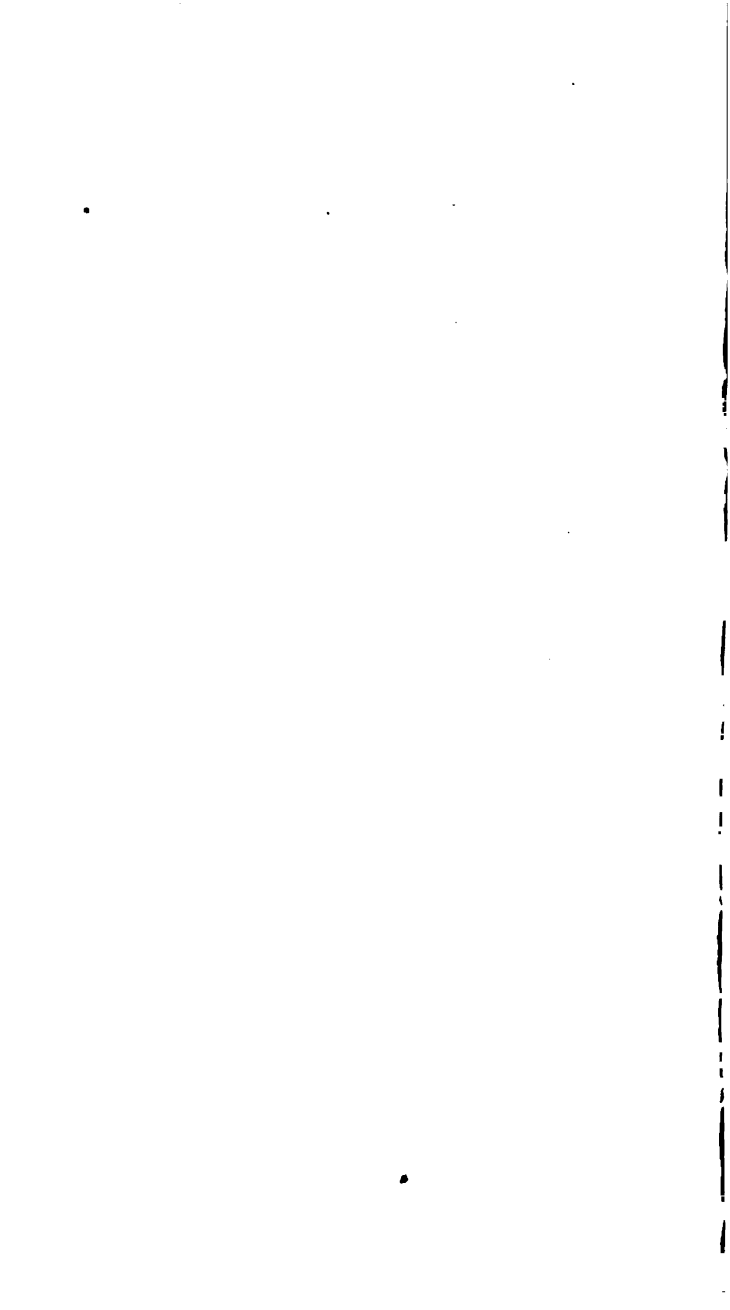
"Souvent dans une songe," &c.

LAST night, such transport blessed my pillow
As ne'er has charmed my waking hours ;
For love and empire hail'd me sovereign,
And *you* had wreathed my crown with flowers.

Low at your feet my trembling wishes,
My heart's deep vows I dared make known ;
And blushes o'er your fair cheek stealing,
Spoke some soft feelings in your own.

—'Twas vain ! On morning's rosy pinions,
Scared by light touch, the vision fled !
Despoiled the new-made king's dominions,—
His reign a dream, his throne a bed !

But fate, of empire who bereft me,
One softening bliss reserved in store ;
Your pitying smile and blush she left me,
And I regret my crown no more !

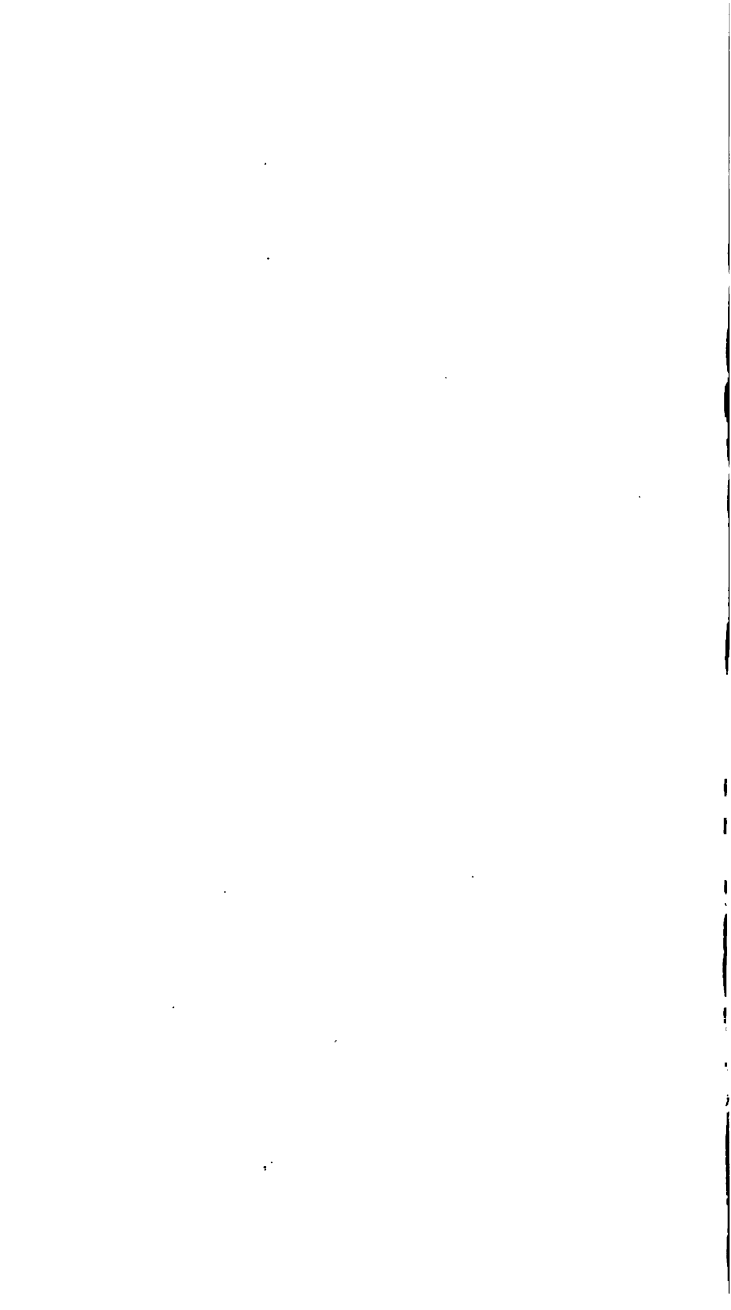


THE
Soldier's Bride ;
OR,
OUR LADY'S CHAPEL AT MIDNIGHT :

A Legend
OF THE
ANCIENT CATHEDRAL OF GOSLAR.*

From the German of Döring.

* See Coleridge's Letters. Note.



The Soldier's Bride ;

OR, OUR LADY'S CHAPEL AT MIDNIGHT :

A GERMAN LEGEND.

THE MOTHER.

—WAKE, Mary ! wake, my slumbering daughter !
 The clear, cold dawn-light faintly gleams ;
 The holy chapel-bell is chiming :
 Arise ! as duteous maid beseems.

Haste through the grey and glimmering twilight,
 For early matin-rites prepare,
 And deck each sainted shrine and altar
 With hallow'd flowers and gentlest care.

Soon, soon thy warrior-love returning,
Shall bid the bridal morn arise,
And ADOLPH's smile of love and rapture
Shall light to bliss those tear-fraught eyes.

MARY.

Sweet mother ! sounds and dreams deceiving
Are o'er thy anxious pillow spread :
No breath of morn's returning fragrance
Has yet its early freshness shed,

No light, save yonder waning taper,
Pours faintly through the shadowy room :
Around us midnight's blankest darkness ;
Still broods in deep and shuddering gloom.

From war's far plains, where roams my lover,
On sleep's soft wings his image flies ;
And ADOLPH's form bends o'er my pillow,
And charms to rest these woe-worn eyes.

Blest visions o'er my slumbers stealing,
Gild with pale light the midnight's gloom ;
To hope and fancy's view revealing
More bliss than e'er in life may bloom.

His joy-wing'd step, his spurs' light ringing,
His sabre's clank, I seem to hear ;
And vows of love and rapture blending,
Breathe softly on my dreaming ear.

Oh mother ! when shall peace returning
Bid that wished bridal morn arise ?
Oh ! when shall ADOLPH'S voice of gladness
Awake to bliss these tear-fraught eyes ?

Beam ! beam, blest stars ! on that bright morrow,
Ere grief and care our fates divide,
Ere hope expire in doubt and sorrow,
And death, not love, have claimed the bride.

* * * * *

MOTHER.

Rise, Mary ! rise my lingering daughter,
No dream deceived my watchful ear ;
The holy matin bell has sounded,
The pale grey morn is glimmering near.

Rise ! in thy snowy robes enfold thee,
Pure as thyself and spotless they,
And at Our Lady's shrine low bending,
Thy maiden rites and offerings pay.

* * * * *

—Light from her lowly pillow springing,
The gentle maid obedient rose ;
The snow-white robes her breast enshrouded,—
The rosemary's hallowed wreath she chose :

Its sacred flowers (Our Lady's garland)
Her beauteous brow, pale beaming, wore ;
Blanch'd was her cheek, and chill'd her bosom,
And cold the hand her lamp that bore.

Now through the church-yard's glimmering
darkness,

With shuddering haste her foot-steps tread,

As if each light step's trembling pressure

Might bruise or rouse th' unconscious dead.

Hark ! a low chant, at distance rising,

Breathes faintly o'er the glimmering graves ;

Like dying winds and waters blending

In ocean's farthest, deepest caves.

Slow on the fitful night-breeze sailing,

The faint, wild death-dirge floats around,

And vaulted roofs and dim-arched cloisters

Prolong and swell the funeral sound :

And through the darkness, quivering bright,

The chapel's long, high windows gleamed,

Illumined by some ghastly light

That through its open portals streamed.

She entered : hallowed beads and cross
Press'd to her heart, its throbs composed ;
—With sounding swing and echoing crash,
The massive doors behind her closed.

Seen by some faint and lurid light,
Like shrouded lamp or torch-fire's glare,
In dim and blood-stained corslet dressed,
A pale and ghastly form is there !

Ranged round the altar's misty verge,
Their quivering light the tapers threw,
And, by her bursting heart confest,
Full well the loved, the dead,—she knew !

The shadowy helm, the plume dark streaming,
The shattered sword, by turns appear ;
And ADOLPH'S voice, her bosom thrilling,
Broke faintly on her shuddering ear.

* * * * *

ADOLPH.

From Prague's far plain, fresh red with slaughter,
Thy ADOLPH's parted spirit flies :
Not thine to soothe his lingering anguish ;
Not thine to close his death-fixed eyes.

There, on wide wing, the eagle hovers ;
White to the moon the slain forms glare :
The battle-storm in death is silenced ;—
The young, the brave, the loved,—are there !

E'en in that hour of mortal anguish,
To thee my passing spirit flew ;
And death and fate, their claim suspending,
Give me once more thy face to view.

But aspect of the parted dead
May never living eye behold ;
The prison-secrets of the grave
May ne'er to living ear be told.

Thy ADOLPH'S fate, communion drear,
'Tis thine, oh death-doomed bride ! to share :
Approach ! no more to view the light,
To breathe no more life's genial air.

* * * * *

—Sudden some vapour from the tomb
Breathed o'er the maid with death-fraught chill :
Her freezing blood its influence owned ;
Each heart-throb paused, each pulse was still.

And when at morn the pious train
Took to the lonely fane their way,
Prone on the altar's marble stair
Pale, cold, in death, the maiden lay.

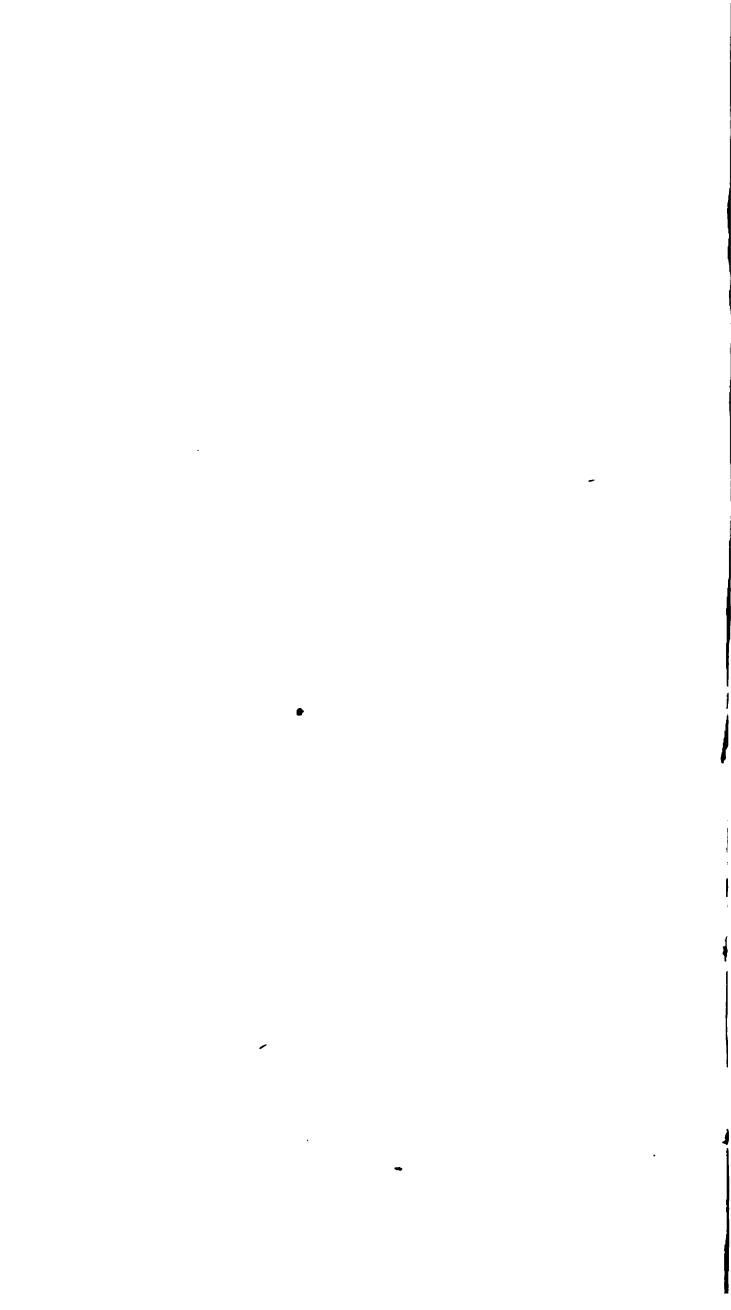
Still o'er her robes of glistening white
Flowed in dark waves her raven hair ;
And still Our Lady's chaplet bright,
Gleamed on her brow, so cold and fair.

Matin Hymn,

SUNG BY THE NUNS APPROACHING THE CHAPEL.

MORNING'S beams serene returning,
Wake the rite and claim the prayer :
To our plaintive chant attending,
Holy mother ! bend and hear.

Bless the hour to service holy,
Bless the day from pain and sin ;
Cheer the contrite, raise the lowly,
Breathe thy peace our hearts within.

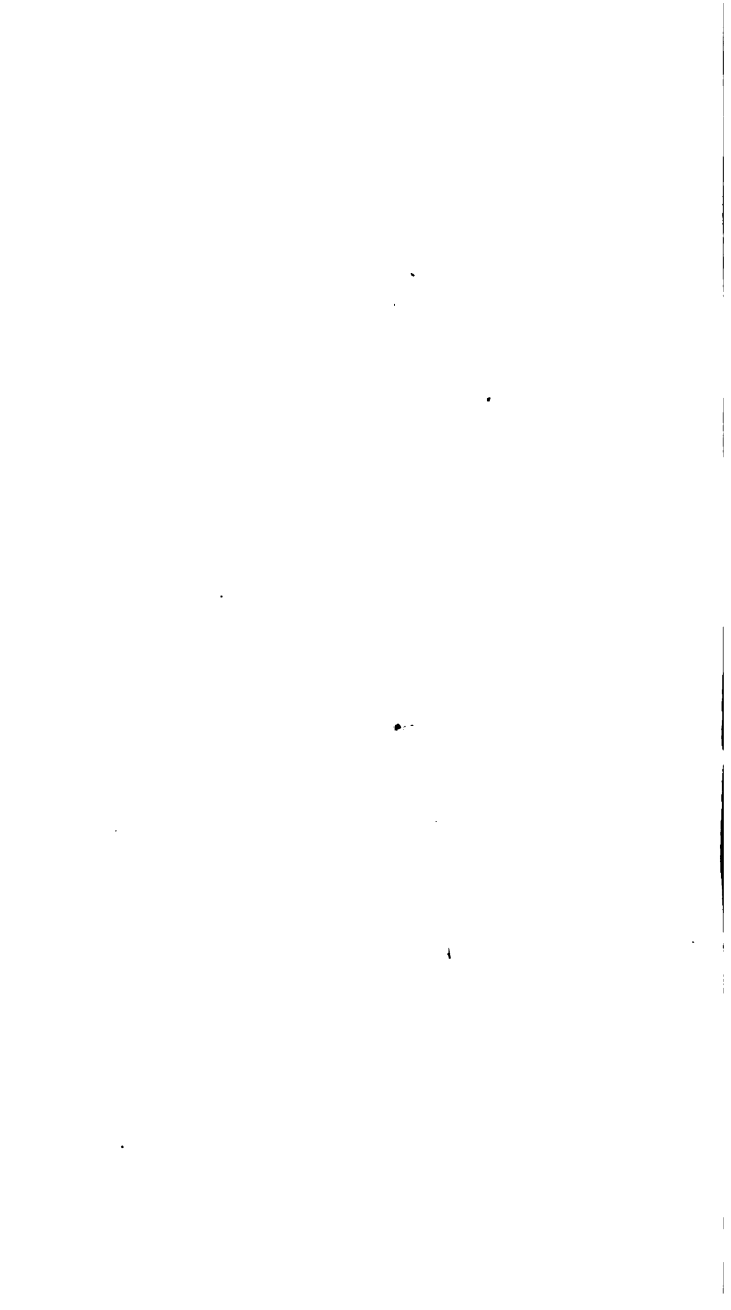


THE
HINDOO GOD
AND THE
BAYADERA:

An Indian Legend.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

"Love strong as death."



TO THE AUTHOR
OF THE
"Pleasures of Memory," "Italy,"

&c. &c.

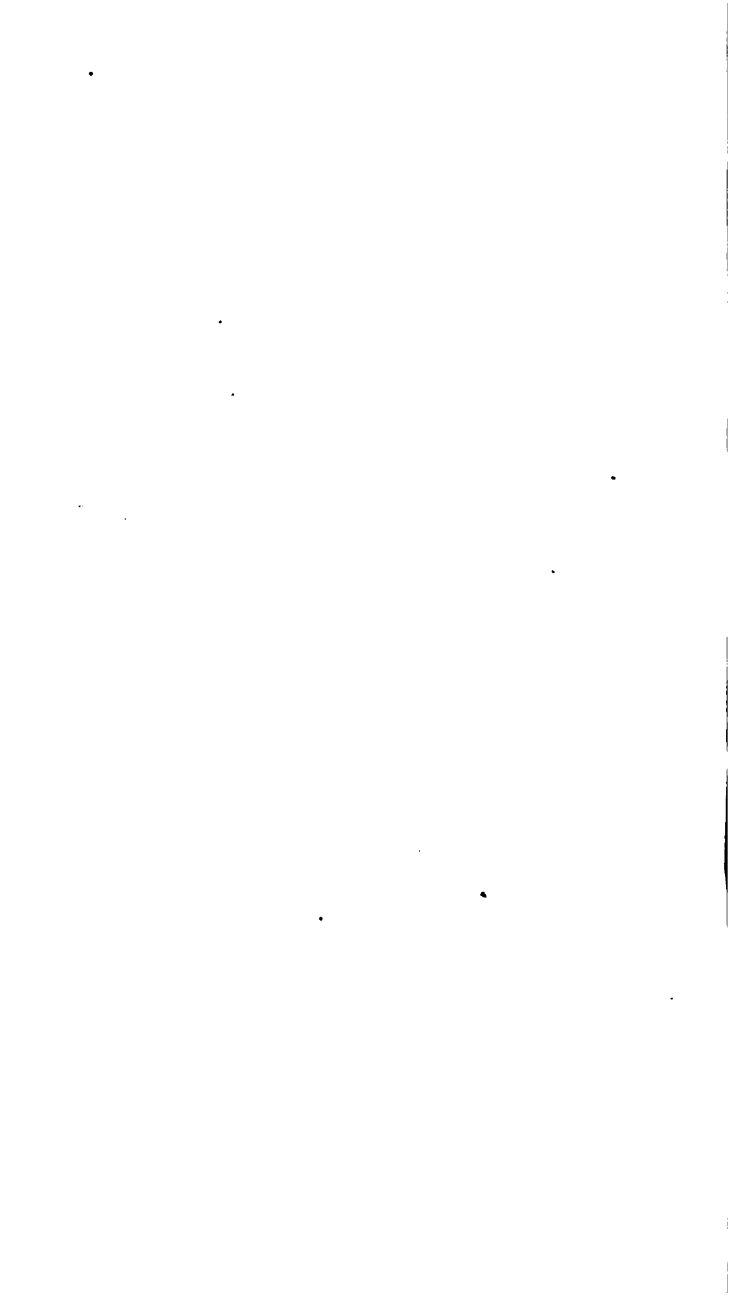
THIS LITTLE TRANSLATION,
FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE,

IS DEDICATED,

IN TESTIMONY OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS WRITINGS,

AND IN

GRATITUDE FOR HIS KINDNESS.



THE

Hindoo God and the Bayadera :

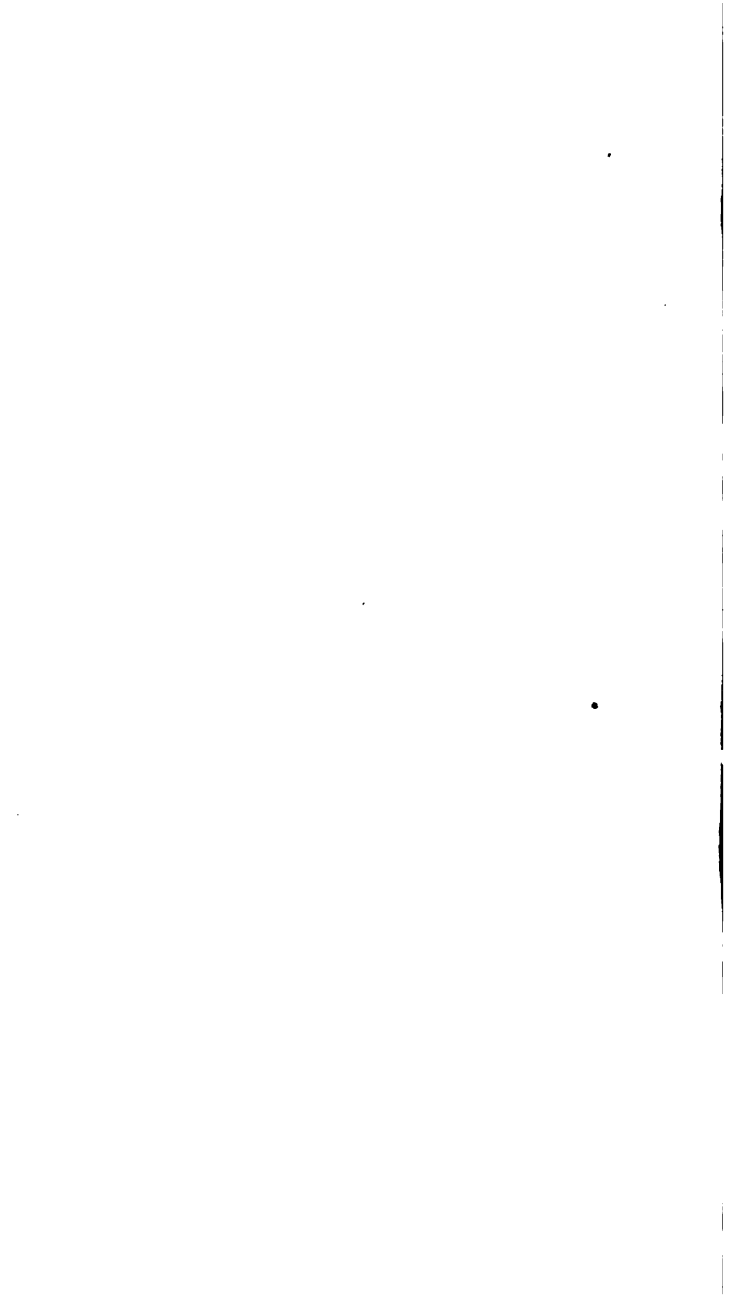
AN INDIAN LEGEND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

THE Bayaderas are the Nautch or Dancing Girls of India: they are remarkable for their beauty and accomplishments, but belong to a low and despised caste.

This romance is the original of TAGLIONI's beautiful Ballet, of a French Opera on the same subject, ("La Bayadere,") and an English Opera now performing, at Covent Garden, under the name of the "Maid of Cashmere."

The original Poem has been beautifully set to music by ZELTER, GOETHE's oldest friend and correspondent. See "Brief-wechsel zwischen GOETHE and ZELTER." Berlin, published, 1834.



THE

Hindoo God and the Bayadera.

THE Indian God has left his radiant bowers,
 In mortal form to visit earth below ;
 'Midst fading scenes to waste his exiled hours,
 And taste of human bliss and human wo :

Here, his eyes all hearts pervading,
 These shall punish, those shall spare ;
 He assumes a mortal's nature
 To exert a monarch's care.

Cheeks with youthful glory beaming,
 Brows with pride celestial crowned,
 Shrouded in a pilgrim's seeming,
 Yet had power to charm or wound.

Through the city's crowded tumult,
Lone, the observant pilgrim strayed,
And as evening clos'd around him,
Reached its portal's massy shade :

Calm on Ganges' sacred waters
Bright the floating moon-light lay,
And the busy day-light murmur,
Faint in distance, died away.

Still and lone the suburb dwellings
Where the poor and abject rest ;
—Through yon lighted lattice streaming,
What bright eyes his steps arrest ?

Can that brow of guileless beauty
Know the flush of art or shame ?
—On those cheeks the dyes that glisten
Mark the BAYADERA's name.

* * * * *

—“Save thee, maiden!”—“Courteous stranger,
Speak ! thy duteous handmaid hears ;
Mine to greet thee, mine to tender
Lowly service, gentlest cares :

Wilt thou grace my humble dwelling ?
Bright the perfumed lamps shall burn,
Freshest fruits my hand provide thee,
Coolest draught from purest urn :

—Night’s chill shades are closing round thee,
Rest thee, beauteous stranger ! here ;—
Bathe thy feet, with travel weary,
Pause and rest,—thy couch is near !”

Smiles th’ imperious God, as fondly
Now she soothes pretended ills :
Binds his throbbing brows, and perfumes
O’er his weary limbs distils.

Then, the glittering cymbals raising,
Through the airy dance she springs ;
Slow, in circling mazes, round him
Hovering as on angel's wings.

Floats in air her gauzy vesture,
As she moves in action bland,
Wafted kiss, or fragrant garland,
Offering him with graceful hand.

* * * * *

—As the kindled incense rising,
Winding, curls in rich perfume ;
As the flower the fruit preceding
Promise gives of golden bloom ;

—Gentle cares and courteous favors
Herald swift love's dawning hour ;
Weave the slender chains which bind him ;—
Artless spells of mightiest power !

Eyes with light etherial beaming,
Brows with pride celestial crowned,
Shrouded in a mortal's seeming,
Yet had power to charm or wound :

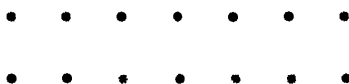
As he praised her cheeks' pale roses,
Love, first love, pervades her breast :
Softer charms and purer beauty
Shone o'er all her form confest.

Those bright eyes, in tears averted,
Now no more his glance may meet ;
And those limbs of graceful motion,
Trembling, fail her,—at his feet.

* * * * *

But a direr proof awaits her,—
For the God, with stern control,
Bids the testing fires of anguish,
Brighten and refine her soul :

Deep his glance her mind pervading,
Reads, how love has conquered art ;
Sees ('mid nature's desolation)
There survives a feeling heart.



Night with shadows, joy with roses,
Have the lovers' couch o'erspread :
—Morning beams : from transient slumbers,
Soft, she wakes,—her dream has fled !

—Lo ! where still her pillow sharing,
Changed and pale the stranger lies !
Thrilling cold the cheek she presses,
Dark and sealed those radiant eyes.

Death in icy chains has bound him !
Wild she shrieks with maddening fears :
Powerless now to wake or warm him
Frantic kisses, burning tears !

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

—What wild sounds of wailing music
Wake her from her trance so drear ?
—Lo ! with funeral flowers they've crown'd him,
Raised, and bear him on the bier.

Sad and slow the silent concourse,
In the moon-light, moves along ;
White-rob'd priests and stately Brahmins
Lead and swell the funeral song.

The Dirge.

“ To the grave we bear the aged,
On whom death descends as dew ;
Weary pilgrim, fain to rest him,—
Ne’er life’s journey to renew !

“ To the grave the youth we carry,
Struck in manhood’s pride and bloom ;
Ardent hopes and high aspirings
Quenched, untimely, in his tomb.”

“ Sound, ye trumpets ! shrilly wailing !
“ Rouse, ye drums ! your wild acclaim :
“ Take, ye Gods ! of earth the glory !
“ Take the youth on wings of flame !”*

* See Note.

Where, by Ganges' sacred waters,
Lurid light the torch-fires shed,
There the couch of fire is hollowed,
There the pile awaits the dead.

Now on wings of lightning flying,
While her shrieks transpierce the air ;
Breathless by the bier she throws her
With the might of wild despair :

—" Give me ! give me back my husband !
Mine, in heaven's and mortals' sight ;
Mine in rapture, mine in anguish,
—Mine, to die with him, the right !

" In his burning grave I seek him :—
Shall the flames that beauty sear ?
Shall, to dust and ashes mouldering,
Perish all I held so dear ?"

—Slow the priests, their chant resuming,

Listless her wild transports view :

“Take, ye gods ! the pride of manhood.

“Through the cleansing fires to you.

“Rouse, ye drums ! your brazen clamours,

“Trumpets ! pour your thrilling strain :

“Heaven demands of earth the glory ;

“Rise, oh youth ! on wings of flame !”

• • • • •

THE BRAHMIN.

—“Hear, thou then, thy priest’s injunction !

Breathe no more a husband’s name !

Shameless, homeless Bayadera !

Thou no spouse can’st own or claim.

“To the land of darkness, only

May the shade the corse attend :

To the death-pile’s glorious altar,

Only may the wife ascend !”

* * * * *

“ Wake ! ye drums ! your farewell clamours

“ Trumpets ! speak earth’s last adieu !

“ Vishnou ! bear the youth to glory !

“ Take him on the flames to you !”

* * * * *

— With hushed breath she paus’d, still kneeling,

And her pale lips moved in prayer :

Then, with out-stretched arms, wild-springing,

Plunged—the burning death to share !

Waking, rose her godlike lover,

As his fiery couch she pressed,

Beaming with immortal beauty,

Clasped the loved one to his breast.

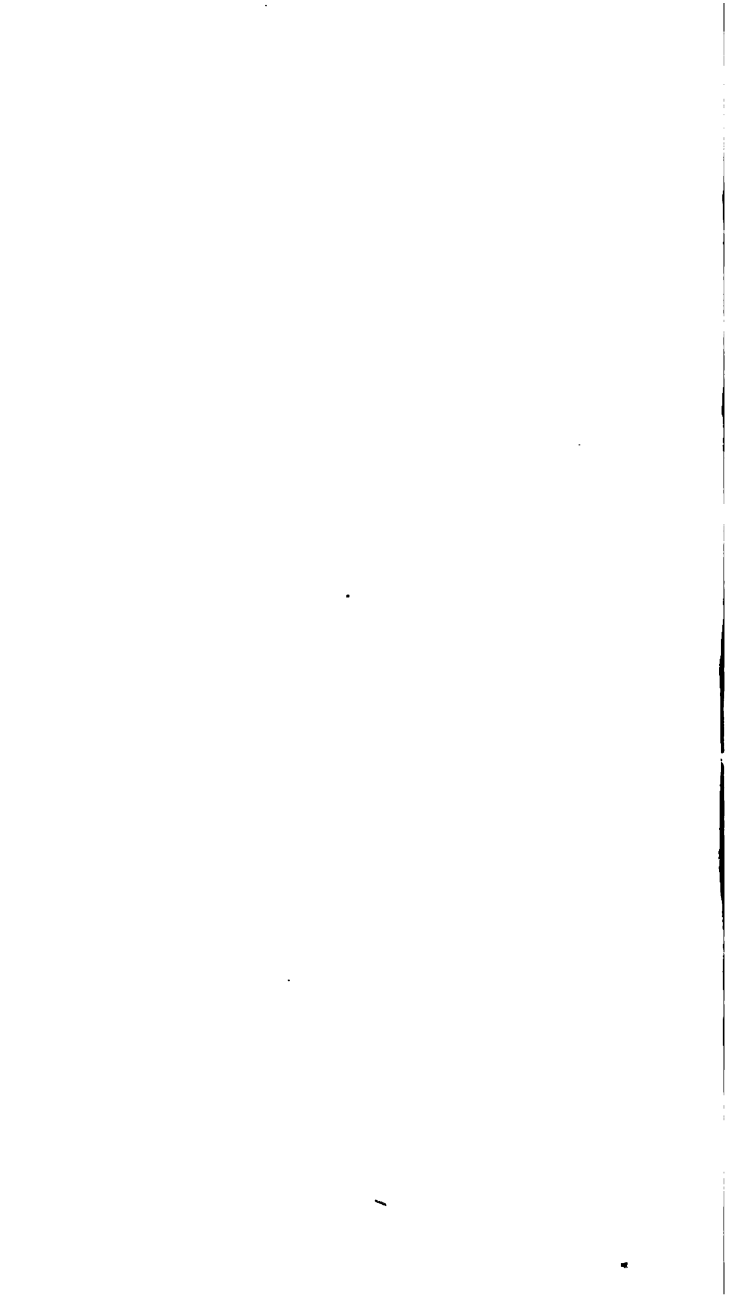
In his radiant arms encircled,

While through flaming clouds they rise,

Bore the dear one, the devoted,

Joyous, to his native skies.

There, where pride no more shall sever,
Grief shall wound, or death divide,
Love, relenting, bids for ever
Bloom in bliss the faithful bride.



RECOLLECTIONS
OF
MRS. HEMANS :

Irregular Stanzas

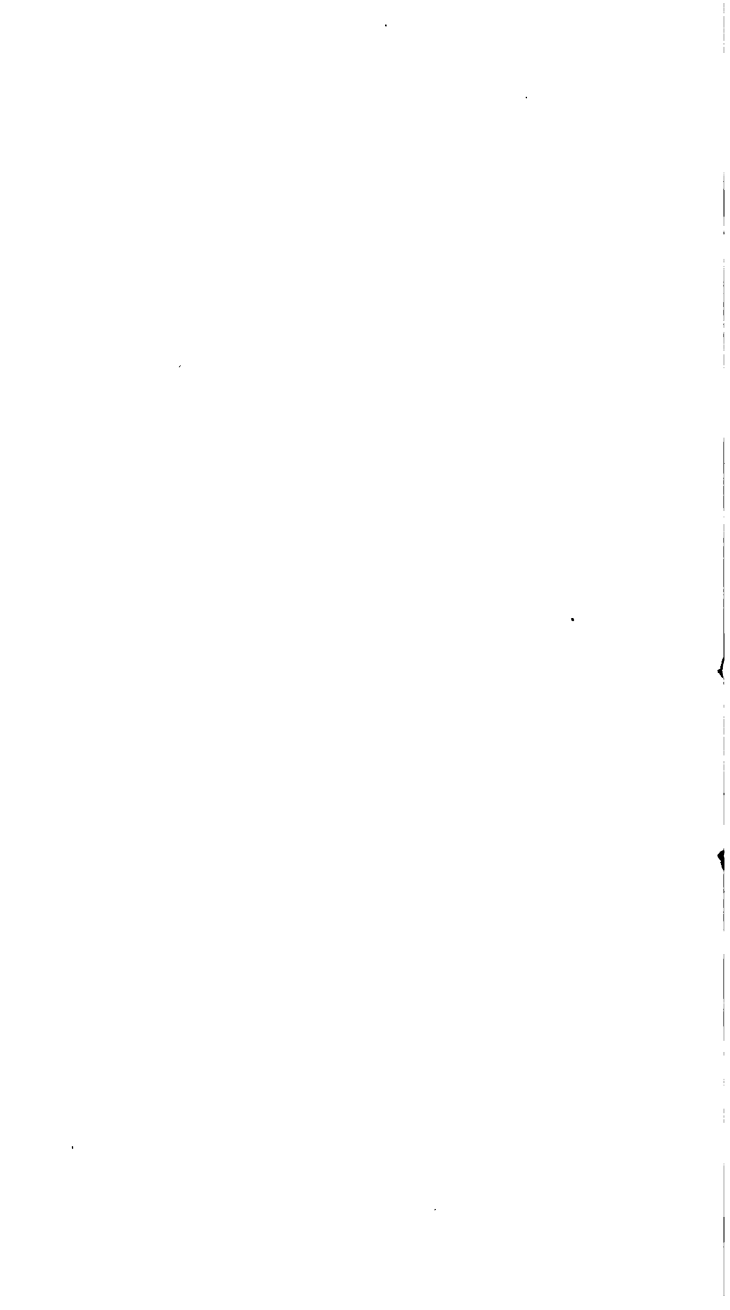
AND

FRAGMENTS.

"Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,
A voice not loud, but deep !
The glorious bowers of earth among,
How often didst thou weep !

"Where couldst thou fix on mortal ground
Thy tender thoughts and high ?
—Now peace the woman's heart has found,
And joy the poet's eye."

From "The Grave of a Poetess," by Mrs. Hemans.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.

&c. &c.

WHOSE NOBLE AND GENEROUS KINDNESS

SOOTHED AND

COMFORTED HER LAST HOURS,

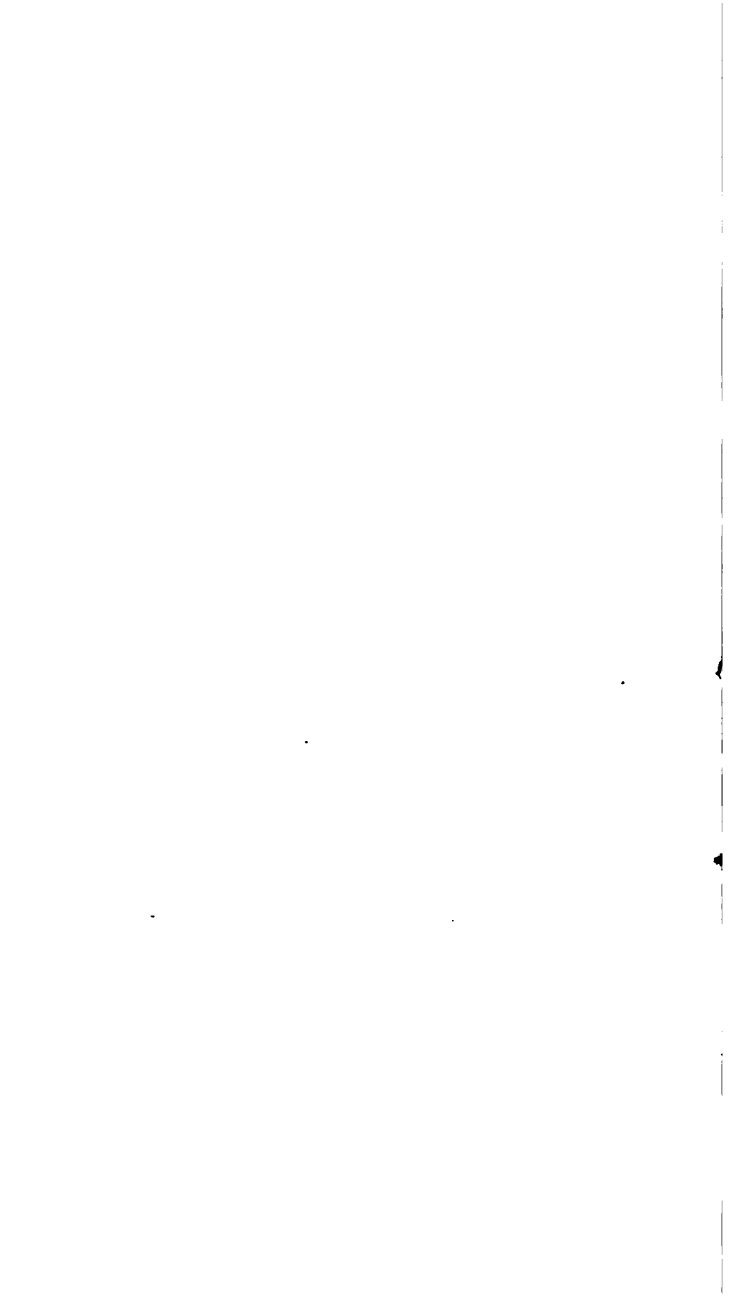
THESE

"Recollections of Mrs. Hemans"

ARE

GRATEFULLY AND RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.



Recollections of Mrs. Hemans :

IRREGULAR STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN THE LIBRARY,

WAVERTREE-HALL.*

" Nothing of her that doth fade."—*Shakspeare.*

* Mrs. HEMANS resided in the immediate vicinity of this old house (in the village of Wavertree) for nearly three years : it suggested her beautiful poem "*Books and Flowers*," and one of her most exquisite lyrics, "*The Haunted House*," describes its local scenery, and gives "a brief abstract" of the sufferings and feelings of one of its inhabitants.



Recollections of Mrs. Hemans :

IRREGULAR STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN THE LIBRARY,

WAVERTREE-HALL.

"Fermossi al fin il cor che balzo tanto."—*Pindemonte*.

—REST ! rest, high heart ! of courage firm and tried,
 Well has thy noble nature borne its part,
 O'er life's realities of care and woe,
 Sky-tinctured robes of poesy to throw,
 Veil with its web thy pure ~~heart's~~ sorrowing glow, *breast*
 And bind its jewels on an aching heart.

Bright to the last life's generous current flowed,
And friendship hallowed it, and fancy blest,
And pure religion's mild undazzling sun,
(Dear to thy youth, ere yet thy sands were run),
Its soft shades deepening as the day was done,
Beamed with calm radiance on thy parting rest !

Oh ! who that loved thee as my heart has loved,
Or marked thy sinking spirits' slow decay,†
Could wish the bitter, lingering pang prolonged
That "bound thee to the rack of this vile world" ?‡
Or bid thee longer from thy resting stay ?

† " Io parto ammano, ammano ;

" Crescemi ognor più l'ombra, e'l sol vien manco,

" E son presso al cadere infermo, e stanco !"

Rime di Michelagnolo Buonarrotti.

Firenze, 1623.

‡ Shakspeare.

Yet ever 'midst thy sorrow's deepest blight,
Soft through the gloom thy sacred numbers rose :§
—Loftier and more aerial in their flight
Swelled the pure strains of calm subdued delight ;
As sweet flowers, bowed beneath the dews of night,
Effuse their richest odours as they close.

From thy lone couch no sullen murmur breathed !
But peace and patience sped the lingering hours ;
And forms of beauty hovered round thy bed,
And o'er thine eyes were lovely visions shed ;
And, blest precursor of the angel Death,
The cherub Sleep wreath'd thy pale brow with flowers.

§ "The Meditations in Sickness."

"The Sabbath Sonnet,"—*the last !*

* * * * *

And there was one, of manliest, noblest mood,
One stedfast friend, still thy sick chamber nigh :
Skilled every impulse of thy soul to trace,
And read swift meaning in thy languid eye ;
Thy scarce-form'd wish to guess, obey thy half-breath'd
sigh :

One who thy grateful heart admired, approved,
Of gentlest firmness, and of feelings high :
(—Blest be thy care, Oh ! brother of my soul ! ||
That thus a sister's wishes could supply,
And by thy generous thought for her I loved,
Strengthen the life-worn links of mind and kindred's
tie !)

* * * * *

|| Spanish, "Hermano de mi alma !"

See the dedication to this volume.

Vain, that to thee a lyre from heaven was given,
 That nations* honor thee, and sages† greet,—
 That kindred bards‡ the precious wreath assign,
 And critics,§ lion-like, crouch at their Una's feet, —

That love and fame, and pity's tenderest meed,
 Were to thy soul-subduing numbers given ;
 Wide through the land|| the graceful torrent rolled,
 Mirroring the forms of earth in hues of heaven :

* America.

† Correspondence : Bishop Heber, his early notice of her ; Dr. Channing ; Blanco White ; Dr. Norton ; Thomas Hamilton, Esq. (then) of Chiefswood, &c. &c.

‡ Wordsworth ; Sir Walter Scott ; Joanna Baillie.

§ Lord Jeffrey,—his occasional correspondence with her,—kindness while in Edinburgh,—critique, Edinburgh Review.

|| Popularity of her writings,—number of copies of her Poems that were circulated in this country, and re-printed in America.

—Not of thy woman's heart, or suffering frame,
Could these one aching, withering pang allay ;
Condemned in lone supremacy to mourn,
Whatever rankling ills, whatever scorn,
Might mean caprice inflict, or cold neglect convey !*



* "It is known that in the one great event of her life she was unhappy : it is sufficient to add, with the feelings and in the words of a sister, 'that she married at eighteen in all the trustfulness of a young, enthusiastic nature,—but was fated soon to see her dreams of happiness give place to sad realities, and the blight thus cast upon her affections, tinged with mournfulness a temperament naturally ardent and joyous.'"

• • • • •

—Lo ! here the books|| thy kindling eye perused,
 The Cid's wild wars, the Roncevallēs' fray :
 Whate'er proud Spain has poured of record old,
 Or Moorish chant, Arabian scrolls unfold
 Of high heroic tale, of light or plaintive lay !

|| *Spanish Library :*

Cancionero general. Escobar Romancero del Cid. Turpini
 Historia de vita Caroli magni et Rolandi. &c. Romances
 Moriscos. Romances of Bernardo del Carpio. Chronica
 del Cid. Berceo, Juan de Mena. Sanchez' Castillian Poetry
 before the 15th Century. Conde, Historia de los Arabes en
 Espana. D'Herbelot. Sale's Koran. De Hita, Wars of
 the "Zegrii y Abencerrages." Ockley, Cardonne, Chenier,
 "Reserches sur les Maures." Garibay, Alvar de Luna,
 Mariana, &c. Amadis de Gaula, &c. Depping's Samm-
 lung. Duran. Böhl von Faber's Floresta, &c.

There the long shelves with magic tomes are piled,*
The legends stern of Gothic fiction's lore :†
Oh ! not less dear to us, that other eyes
Could their pale ghosts and thrilling spells despise,
Mock the chill fears our hearts had learnt to prize,
And view with gay contempt our wizzard store.

* *German Books :*

† A collection of ghost-stories rivalling the Abbotsford one.
Dobeneck's Volksglauben. Tieck. Fantasie-Stücke. Hoffman. Richter. Laun. Buckzo. La Motte-Fouquet. Otmar. Grimm. Musæus's Volks märchen. Sagen der Vorzeit. Herder's Volks-lieder. Arnim's Stimme der Volke. Burger. Der Mildesheimische Lieder-buch. Der Wunder-horn,—a treasury of old ballads, legends, &c. Dietrich's Braga,—the lyric poetry of Germany. Schlegel. F. Horn, &c.

And here the white-robed bands, Italia's pride ! *
 Chivalric epics, in confusion gay :
 Whate'er has charmed in PULCI's varying song,
 Or breathed delight BOYARDO's groves among,
 Swept on soft gales ALCINA's bowers along,
 Or waked to high emprise, in saintly TASSO's lay.

* *Italian Books :*

I'Orlandino. L'Amadigi di Bernardo Tasso, Il Floridante. Trissino. Il Morgante maggiore. Ricciardetto. Fulvio Testi, L'Isola d'Alcina, Girone il Cortese. Boyardo, Conte di Scandiano. L. Dominichi. Berni. Ariosto. Panizzi on the Romantic poetry of Italy. Tiraboschi. Crescembini. Roscoe. Ginguenée. Siamondi. Teatro antico. Trissino, Rucellai. Gobbi, Scelta di Sonetti e Canzoni d'ogni secolo. Mathias' Componimenti Lirici d' Italia, &c.

This vague and meagre list of names will give some idea of the studies she preferred, and the resources that were open to her—even for two years before she settled at Wavertree, by a constant interchange of letters and books.

How dear to me, when study's sacred hours
These treasured volumes to thy bidding gave,
To watch their magic light's transmitted powers
With rainbow hues tinging thy fancy's flowers ;
And as thy harp poured free its lyric showers,
To mark their fictions shadowed in its wave ! †

† Her "Lays of many Lands."—"National Lyrica," "Dedicated to Mrs. Lawrence, in memory of brightly associated hours."

She says in the precious little note that accompanied this volume,—“I think you will love my little book,—though it contains but the broken music of a troubled heart,—for all the hours it will recall to you, beam fresh and bright as ever in my memory, though I have passed through but too many of sad and deep excitement, since that period.”

Dated, Dublin, March 4th, 1834.

* * * * *

—Thine sparkling wit,* the effort wild and vain,
For the charmed crowd to play a careless part;
The brilliant thought, the gay, the reckless strain
Which hid the throbbings of a wounded heart.

(Too well to me the swift reverse† was known,
The languid pause, when spirits worn expire :
Vainly for me the glittering pile was raised,
I knew the light with which thy fancy blazed,
At once a dazzling and consuming fire.)

* Her powers of conversation,—her beautiful language,—success in society. See Notes at the end of the volume.

† Fatigue and langour which succeeded her exertions of this kind. See Notes at the end of the volume.

And thine the rich, the deep, the thoughtful vein,
The converse high to peaceful hours assigned ;
When my rapt soul exulting owned thy powers,
And deem'd, not e'en thy volumes' treasur'd flowers
Gave such fair transcript of thy heaven-fraught mind !

* * * * *

* * * * *

—Lo ! here the shrine§ thy gentle spirit loved !
Still on its marble bloom the wintry flowers :
Soft round its verge remembered odours rise,—
But who, like thee, their fresh mild scents shall prize ?
Or bless their spell to charm life's feverish hours ? ||

§ "The shrine."—She gave this name to a marble table in a southern window, on which the forced flowers were arranged, and blew particularly well, in winter.

|| "I really think that pure passion for flowers is the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence. Often during this weary illness of mine have I looked upon new books with perfect apathy, when, if a friend has sent me a few flowers, my heart has 'leap'd up' to their dreamy-hues and odours with a sudden sense of renovated childhood, which seems to me one of the mysteries of our being."—*Mrs. Hemans to Mrs. Lawrence, from Redesdale, near Dublin, 1835.*

Fair from it wintry couch the graceful reed ‡
A tasselled sceptre† to thy hand I gave,
To thee a sylvan throne and crown decreed,
Empress of flowers ! of nature's realm the rose ! *
—Vainly for thee the pendant wreaths I chose :
Alas ! when Spring's first gales those blossoms wave,
Thy favorite buds their emerald seals uncloze
But to be broken o'er their sovereign's grave ! §

‡ *Convallaria majalis*,"—or, "Solomon's Seal."

† She saw this beautiful English plant for the first time at Wavertree, and she was so delighted with it that we called it her Sceptre.

* "Mournfully ! sing mournfully !

"The royal rose is gone !"—

The Nightingale's Death Song, by Mrs. Hemans.

§ Alluding to the Heraldic ceremony of breaking the rod or wand of office over the grave of a potentate.

* * * * *

—The twilight room,* the books, the flowers remain,†
All that thy love has praised or prized is there ;
But never more shall voice or powers like thine
Those pleasures heighten, or these treasures share !

* * * * *

* “ Many, many thanks for your delightful and affectionate letter: the very *scent* of it was full of pleasant memories,—breathing of ‘ brightly associated hours.’ ”—*July, 1834.*

† “ My malady is slowly, only slowly, giving way to medical regimen, but when I write to you, my imagination always brightens, and pleasant thoughts of lovely flowers, and dear old books, and strains of antique Italian melody, come floating over me, as BACON says, the rich scents go ‘ to and fro like music in the air.’ ”—*Mrs. Hemans, from Redesdale, near Dublin, Jan. 23, 1835.*

—Alone I mourn !—no hope, no wish was thine
Thy harassed course, 'mid troubled seas to stay :
Blest was the hour which saw its sails unfurled,
When thy frail bark§ escaped this stormy world,
Sought on glad wings the haven of its rest,
Spread to the halcyon gales its eager breast,
And won, o'er peaceful tides, its homeward way !

• • • • •

“Scarco d’una importuna e grave salma
“Signore Eterno ! e del mondo disciolto,
“Qual fragil legno a ti stanco mi volto
“Dall’ orribil procella in dolce calma.”

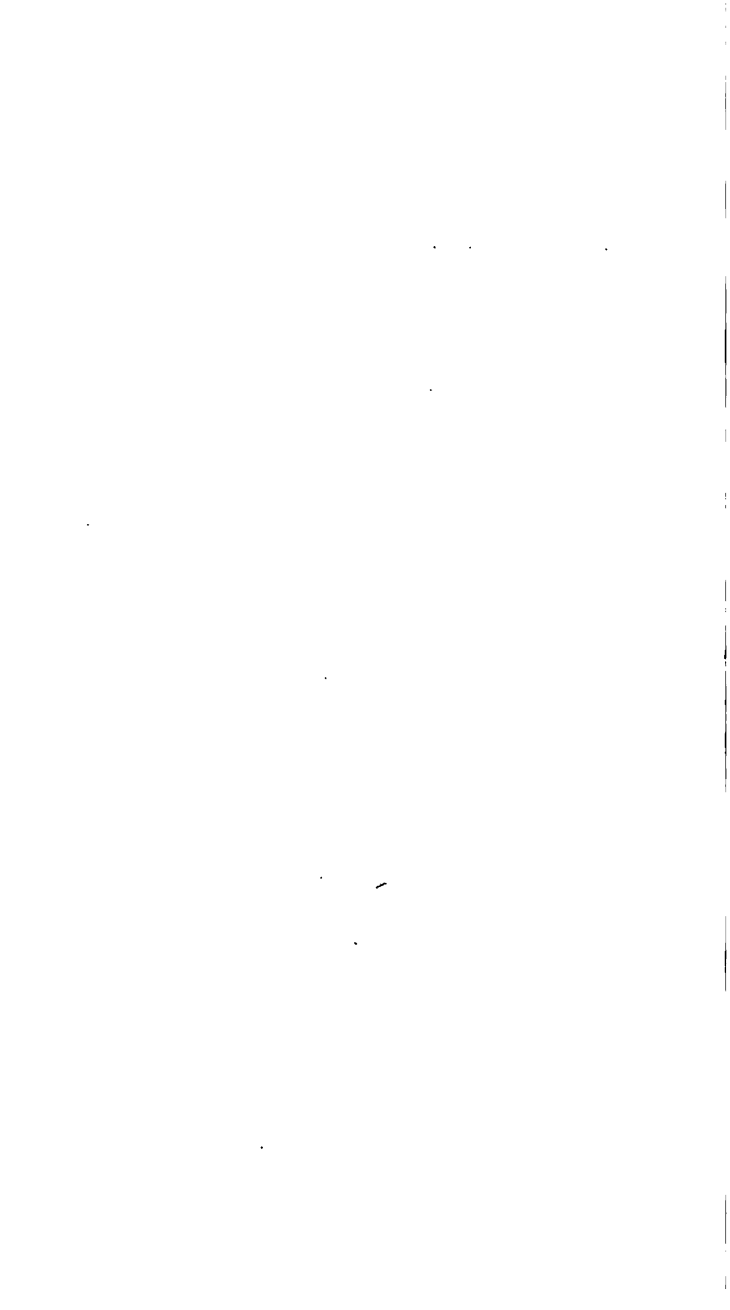
Michelagnuolo Buonarrotti.

Rest ! rest, lone spirit !—not to thee were given

Those soul-linked bonds which make this earth too
dear :

—Now may meek faith its guerdon meet in heaven,

And genius taste the bliss it pictured here !



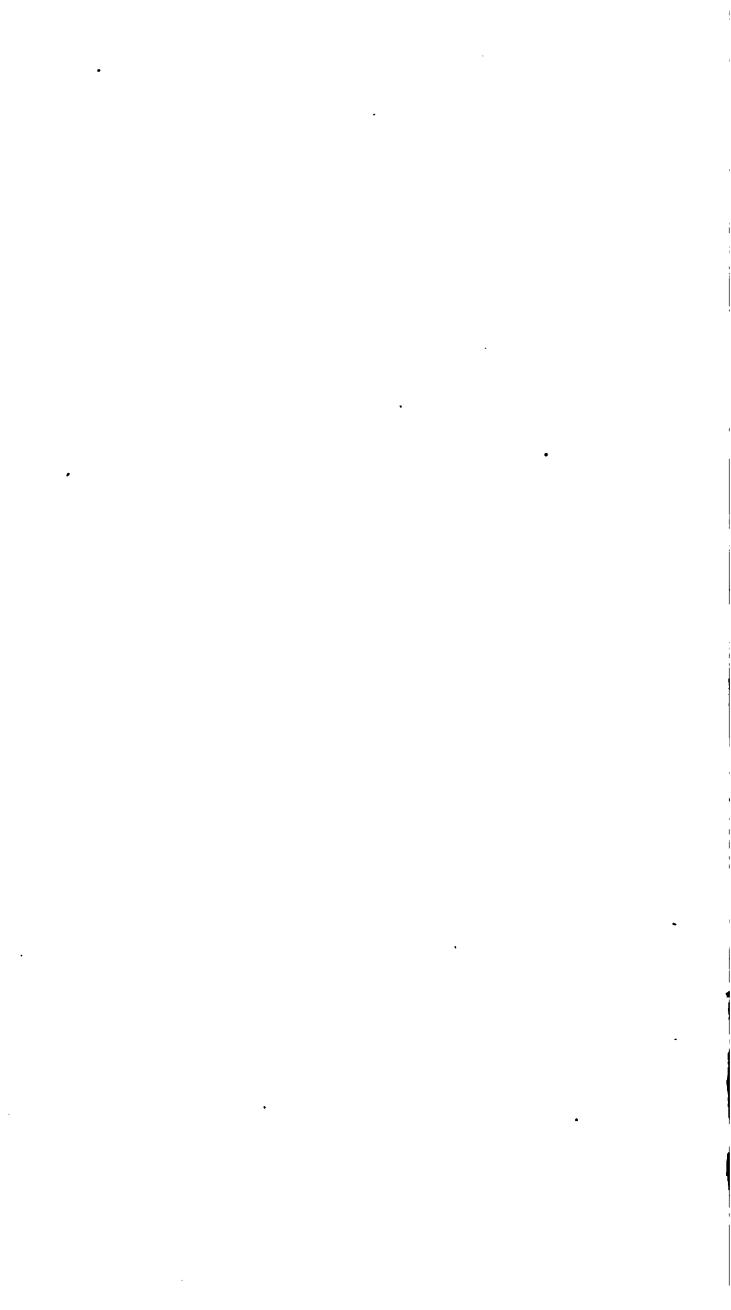
NOTES.

"—Books are yours,
Within whose secret chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age ; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which, for a day of need,
The sultan hides in his ancestral tombs :
These hoards of sweets you can unlock at will."

Wordsworth.

" Apres le plaisir de posséder des livres, il n'y en a guère
de plus doux que celui d'en parler, et de communiquer ces
innocentes richesses de la pensée qu'on acquiert dans la
culture des lettres."

C. Nodier. " Melanges d'une petite bibliothèque.



NOTES

TO THE

Last Autumn at a favourite Residence.

“—These lofty elms

“ Invite the rooks, who, high amid the boughs,

“ In early Spring their airy city build.”

Thomson.

Note 1, page 1.

Wavertree-Hall, the residence of Charles Lawrence, Esq. written at a moment when some circumstances connected with the construction of the magnificent Rail-road from Liverpool to Manchester (which passes close round its grounds) had made the family anticipate the necessity of removing from it.

Note 2, page 2.

The hand alone that cultured, knows

The pleasure that such toil bestows.

“—Ma quel piacer s’aggualia a quel ch’io prend
Solamente da te, mio picciol orto !”

“Tu del mio petto le noiose cure
Lungi sbandisce, e invece lor v’induci
Piacer, letizia, e pace.”

“—Qual si trovo piacer che tu non abbia ?”

* * * * *

“Tu l’occhio pasci, se dell’ erbe mira
I nativi smeraldi e i vaghi fiori.
Goden per te gli orrechi in ascoltando
Il grato susurrar dell’ api industri,” &c.

The pleased eye rests on emerald herbage nigh,
And mossy mounds, and purple thyme are near :
Where golden bees their cheerful labours ply,
And busy murmurs soothe the grateful ear.

Bernardino Baldi. 1553.

From one of his Eclogues, delightful from the simplicity and truth of their rural imagery. Sometimes it is an old man who enumerates the different productions of vegetable drinks or food,

the true and legitimate manner of compounding "quel cibo a qualunque condizione di persona tanto gradita e cara, che si chiama *Polenta*:" sometimes it is a good mother instructing her daughter in moral and domestic duties. This last poem, "*La Madre di famiglia*," is to be found entire in Quadrio's "*Storia e ragione d'ogni Poesia*." Instead of a golden age, he has described the real enjoyments of a country life: the delight he took in the cultivation of his own fields, his fruits, and flowers. He died at his birth-place, Urbino, 1617, as it has been beautifully expressed by his biographer,—"Quemadmodum sanctissime vixit, ita sanctissime obiit."

/ e

Note 3, page 7.—*Loved sister of my heart!* &c.

Her last view of the flower-garden.

—'Twas at that window's flower-crowned height,
Which now the bowring woodbine shrouds,
Wrapped in her snowy robes, she sate,
And gazed on sun-set's glittering clouds:
While floating round her, rich and fair,
The golden radiance wreathed her hair,
On each soft fold of drapery gleamed,
And through the crimson awning streamed.

—Pale was her cheek ! her hand as pale
Which round her drew her shadowy veil.
In vain I strove, with trembling care,
To shield her from the treacherous air,
The coming sorrow to restrain,
And lead her to her couch again.
“—Not yet ! not yet !” she softly sighed,
“ Oh ! thou who ne’er my boon denied : —
The settling birds and closing flowers
Give token of the twilight hours ;
And o’er the herbage, cool and calm,
The summer dew descends like balm :
Still be it mine once more to trace
The parting smile on nature’s face,
And bid to scenes so dear to view
A cheerful, not a last, adieu !”

Omitted in the second edition.

Note 4, page 9.—*No more thy name.*

“ Chiamando sempre in van l’amato nome.”

Isabella mourning her Zerbino.

Ariosto.

Note 5, page 11.—*My father rested in the sun.*

“—Schlummre ruhig, guter Vater !

Dass doch all' die süssen blumen

Die du streu'st auf meinen pfad

Dir zum kranze werden möchten

Auf dein sorgen-schweres haupt !” — *Grillparzer.*

His resignation to death.

Not for himself could life supply

One fond regret, one half-breathed sigh,

One fear to meet the fate so nigh,

One wish to linger here !

Oh ! better thus, ere reason waned,

Ere sense and feeling lost their bloom,

And memory's self its trust betrayed,

To sink, all honored, to the tomb :

—Not thine the humbling ills that age

Inflicts through years of dull decay :

With hope, and faith, and courage armed,

Thy kindling spirit winged its way !

—Still bright from memory's inmost shrine

Beams forth that form my soul reveres,

And soft the sainted image smiles,—

Dim seen through my unconscious tears !

Omitted in the second edition.

Note 6, page 12.

The old English Garden : Payne Knight lamenting the changes introduced by Repton and his admirers.—

“—But here once more, ye rural muses, weep !

The ivied ballustrade and terrace steep,

Walls mellowed into harmony by time,

On which fantastic creepers used to climb.

* * * * *

“—The sidelong walls

Of shaven yew, the holly's prickly arms

Trimm'd into high arcades ; the tonsile box

Wove in mosaic mode of many a curl

Around the figured carpet of the lawn.”

The Landscape, a didactic Poem.

It is curious to read this now, when the statutes of Repton and Capability Browne have fallen into abeyance, and the Dutch legislation of William the Third and his secretary has “re-assumed its reign.”—See Swift's account of Sir William Temple at Moorpark,

Note 7, page 13.—*And moonlight watch the foxgloves keep.*

The white foxglove, called in America the centinel-flower.

Note 8, page 14.—*Inscription on a Sun-dial.*

“*Horas non numero nisi serenas.*”

—“This has been, perhaps, some legend of popish superstition : some monk of the dark ages must have invented and bequeathed it to us, who, loitering in trim gardens and watching the silent march of time as his fruits ripened in the sun, and his flowers scented the balmy air, felt a mild langour pervade his senses, and having little to do or to care for, determined (in imitation of his sun-dial) to efface that little from his thoughts, or draw a veil over it, making his life one long dream of quiet. “*Horas non numero nisi serenas*” he might repeat when the heavens were overcast, and the gathering storm scattered the falling leaves; and turn to his books and wrap himself in his golden studies. Out of some such mood of mind—elegant, indolent, and thoughtful—this exquisite device, speaking volumes, must have originated.”

Note 9, page 17.

The Rookery : Spanish idea of English respect for its inmates.

—“Has not your worship read” (replied Don Quixote) “the annals and histories of England, which treat of the famous acts of King Arthur, known in our Castilian Romances as the *Rey Artus*,—of whom the antique and universal tradition throughout his kingdom of Britain relates, that this king did not die, but remains in a state of enchantment, transformed into a rook,

and that he shall return after a lapse of years, and shall resume his sceptre and his kingdom? And for this reason it is found, that from that time to this, no Englishman will ever kill a crow."—*Don Quixote, parte 1mo. cap. XIII.*

This enchantment of king Arthur's is mentioned too in the Romance of Esplandian, (son of Amadis de Gaula,) in which it is said, that "The fairy Morgayna holds him enchanted, and after the lapse of ages he is to return and reign in Britain."

Llewellyn, king of Wales, in 998 promulgated a law which prohibited any one from killing a rook.—From the blending of this prohibition with the story of this sable transformation of king Arthur's, may have originated the dislike to killing a rook, lest they should dislodge the soul of their expected sovereign.

Cervantes confesses that he knows not how this fable originated, "which is as well believed (he says) as it is ill imagined."—*Persiles y Sigismunda, Lib. 1, p. 147.*

Note 10, page 19.

Exotic flowers *spread their bloom,*
And breathe their perfume round my room.

"—No sickening scent the sense alarms,
 Or with insidious fragrance charms;
 The prisoned gale, that winnowing springs,
 Bears health and freshness on its wings.

—Of snowy light, the glistening spheres,
 Her moon-like orbs Camellia rears;
 And India's ferns, with palmy grace,
 O'er humbler flowers their shadows trace;
 And pale Magnolia's silvery sheen
 Through dank and sea-green wreaths is seen:
 (So the wan moon through mantling cloud
 Gleams forth, like beauty in her shroud.)

—And there in crimson grandeur rise
 A richer Flora's deepening dyes,*
 Of tropic suns and burning skies.

There rose and purple's mingling bloom
 Shall Titian's gorgeous tints relume,—
 Pomegranates glow,† carnation's blush,
 With all his shadowy splendour's flush:
 To the charmed eye the colouring lives‡
 Which he, (and nature, only) gives:
 Which glows in beauty's richest day,
 Which melts in sun-set's hues away,
 What time on Jura's snowy crest,
 The rosy shadows, lingering rest."

Omitted in the second edition.

* *Cactus speciosissimus*, *C. speciosa*, *Amaryllis*, *Hibiscus*, &c.

† Pomegranate blossom, the richest and purest scarlet known.

‡ Some allusion is intended to a particular effect produced by massing these flowers (lake, orange, and scarlet) without the intervention of a single green leaf.

Note 11, page 19.—*The high-heaped hearth again may blaze.*

“ A ma sœur.”

“ Le printemps nous disperse et l’hiver nous rallie ;
Aupres de nos foyers notre ame recueillie
Goute ce doux commerce a tous les cœurs si cher,
Oui, l’instinct social est enfant de l’hiver.
En cercle un meme attrait rassemble autour de l’atre
La vieillesse conteuse, et l’enfance folatre :
Là, courent a la ronde et les propos joyeux,
Et la vieille romance, et l’aimables jeux :
Là se dedommageant de ses longues absences
Chacun vient retrouver ses cheres connaissances,
Là s’épanche le cœur,—le plus penible aveu
Longtems captif ailleurs, echappe au coin du feu.”

NOTES

TO THE

Fragments, &c.

Note 12, page 25.—*Fragments by the Sister of Falconer.*

As some inquiries have been made as to the authenticity of these lines, since they appeared in the first edition, it is thought best to avow here, that they were addressed many years ago to the memory of a beloved brother, (a young officer of the 51st regiment) whose brilliant talents, and dark, uncertain fate, but too closely resembled those of the admired author of the "Shipwreck."

"No tomb is raised to thee
Which may to later years thy worth impart:
Thou hast no grave but in the stormy sea,
And no memorial but this sorrowing heart."

They were written, verbatim, in 1801, many years before Lord Byron's splendid description of a shipwreck, which has since superceded all others in English poetry :—

“Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,” &c.

“The best loved, and the best deserving to be loved, died before his day, in a foreign and distant land ; and trifles assume an importance not their own when connected with those who have been loved and lost.”—*Sir Walter Scott (speaking of his brother, T. Scott,) in the Preface to Waverley.*

“—Then came long days of hope, of dismal hope,
Dying one day, and on another bright
As madness : for Imagination dreams
Of wild impossibilities, and Love
Will borrow, for a time, the eagle's wings
To sweep the isles and rocks, and finding not
What she seeks there—the long lost beautiful,
Goes down into the caverns of the sea,
Commanding them to render up their dead !
—So fared it with this lady.”

Professor Wilson's Unimore.

“Ach ! vorzeih, wenn das verlorne
 In so hellem lichte glüht,
 Ist doch der verlust ein blitzstrahl
 Der verklärt, was er entzieht !”

Grillparzer.

Note 13, page 31.—*The Dream, a Spanish ballad.*

This feeling is of all ages and of all nations ; it is thus beautifully illustrated by Southey :

“—Yet to behold his face again, and hear
 His voice, tho’ painful, was a deep delight :
 It was a joy to think that he was near,
 To see him in the visions of the night,
 To know that the departed still requite
 The love that to their memory still will cling ;
 And tho’ he might not bless her waking sight
 With his dear presence, ’twas a blessed thing
 That sleep would thus sometimes his actual image bring !”

Note 14, page 34.—*The Dying Maiden to her Lover.*

What avails the flowret’s bloom ?

Has been set to Music by Miss Wilkinson, and published by Willis,
 St. James’-street.

Note 15, page 38.—*Elric and Elsee.*

This old Danish ballad is thus beautifully introduced into Ohlenschläger's celebrated tragedy, "*Axel and Valborga.*"

Scene—*The tomb of Axel in the cathedral of Drontheim, the ancient burying-place of the Norwegian kings.*

VALBORG—(*reclining there, dying.*)

..... So let me rest,
While calm as snow-flake showers
Death steals like sleep upon me :
Thou, my William !
Sing that old strain which in my childhood's hours
I loved to hear,
Its dirge-like chaunt shall soothe me.
..... Well thou knowest the ancient lay
Of Elsee and her Elric.
There—take thy golden harp and sit thee down
Beside the royal pillar, opposite
To Axel's tomb, and sing the lay throughout,
Even to the end, where the poor love-lorn maid,
With trembling joy upon the grave's dark brink
Rejoins her heart's-loved Elric.

* * * * *

WILLIAM—(*having complied with her request and concluded the song, after a pause,*)

Valborga ! it is finished ; speak, Valborga !

How pale she lies !—arise, loved friend, and cheer thee !

Ha ! does she faint ? or has the hand of death

(*He goes up to her and discovers that she is lifeless ; her head resting upon the arm of Axel.*)

There is a beautiful critique upon this tragedy, and upon some other of Ohlenschläger's works, in the 4th number of the Foreign Review. Oct. 1828.

Note 16, page 46.—*The Ringlets.*

The leading idea only of this romance is taken from the Spanish. Many of these ballads breathe a spirit of the purest and yet most passionate tenderness, of which the original of the present one might be quoted as an example. They shadow out all the feelings and occurrences of every-day life : sometimes it is a Spanish version of "D'eil tak' the war !" ("Mal haya la guerra !") some wife or some mother who laments in strains that vibrate through the heart, the absence or the danger of her young soldier ; of one whose presence was a joy to her eyes, and a beam of light to her path, and whose voice is heard in her home no more. Sometimes it is the artless girl of the mountain-inn, who

regrets the departure of the muleteer on whom she had fixed her simple affections, and recounts the cares and attentions to him and his mules by which she sought to detain him, summing up all her griefs with the burden

“Mal haya quien fia

De gente que pasa !”

“How vain ! on a stranger

Our fond hearts to stay !

How hopeless ! to trust,

Who like thee, pass away !”

Note 17, page 51.—*The Scarf.*

Fr. Müller, better known as Mahler (painter) Müller, died in obscurity, following this latter profession, at Rome, about ten years ago. His beautiful Idylls—“Adam’s Awakening,” “The Satyr Mopsus”: his “Nüss-kernen.” His writings, after long neglect, were brought into notice by Ludwig Tieck. His “Genevese,” beautiful, even when compared with Tieck’s: all written more than fifty years ago.

Note 18, page 60.—*The Parting.*

“El alba nos mira

Y el dia amanesce ;

Antes que te sientan

Levantate y vete !”

Note 19, page 68.—*The Invisible Spirit.*

FROM THE ITALIAN OF LUIGI TANSILLO.

“L'anima della morta donna chiusa nell'Palbero.”

This passage, from an old and almost forgotten poet, may remind some readers of the beautiful scene in Lord Byron's tragedy, *Manfred* addressing his departed and beloved Astarte.

Note 20, page 85.—*The forsaken One.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

There is a pleasing passage in one of Gongora's *Letrillas*, of very similar feeling and expression.

“Llorad ! corazon

Que teneis razon

* * *

“Llorando la ansencia

Del galan traidor,

La halla la luna

Y la deja el sol :

Añadiendo siempre

Pasion ā passion,

Memoria ā memoria,

Dolor ā dolor.

Llorad ! corazon,

Que teneis razon !”

Gongora.

We can hardly believe that this, and many other of his touching and beautiful romances, were written by the cumbrous author of the once celebrated and fashionable, but now forgotten "Soledades,"—a series of poems which, unfortunately, influenced the whole body of subsequent Castilian poetry, and which, under the name of Euphuism and the adoption of Lilly, perverted with its stiffness and its quaintness, in the reign of Elizabeth, even our English literature itself.

Note 21, page 92.—*Faustina Maratti to her Rival ;
or, "La Gelosia."*

From the "Sonetti della Signora Faustina Maria Maratti," published conjointly with the poems of her husband, Gio. Battista Felice Zappi.

She seems, from the multiplied testimonies of her contemporaries, to have combined in a singular degree the charms of beauty with the highest degree of moral excellence and the most superior intellectual attainments. Her writings are distinguished from the whole body of Italian poetry by their peculiar purity and elegance, by a tone of feminine yet elevated sentiment, which characterises them (and those of the noble Vittoria Colonna) almost exclusively. The bright gleams that enliven, and the passing clouds which over-shadow the calm and limited horizon of domestic life are beautifully painted in them, with all the

delicacy and precision of a woman's hand, and the truth and tenderness of a woman's heart.—Perhaps no author has described so successfully the happiness arising from a sacred and legitimate attachment: of this her first and eighth sonnets, and the one describing her husband's appearance and success amid the society of the "Arcadi," are beautiful instances:

"—Bello il veder, quando fra' gli altri ei sorse
 Render mill' alme incatenate e liete
 Della sua voce d'ogni cor tiranno !
 Noi crederà l'eta ventura, e forse
 Dira che' io cresco il vero, o amor m'inganno ?
 Ma il Tebro il dica, e voi, voi ch'l vedete."

Sonetti 19mo.

Dreading to be accused of what Gibbon has happily termed "the idolatry of affection," she appeals to those around her to attest the excellence she has celebrated. She lost in the meridian of life the husband she so idolized, and the child she fondly loved: two of the most beautiful of her poems were written on this latter occasion, and breathe the very spirit of tenderness and grief.—Some of the others, like the present one, betray a feeling of wounded, but uncomplaining affection; and one is addressed to her illustrious father, Carlo Maratti, on the subject of his celebrated picture, Tuccia, the vestal virgin. She died at Ancona, 171—.

Note 22, page 94.—*The Invocation.*

From the Spanish of Garcilaso de la Vega—See his first Eclogue, *Salicio* and *Nemoroso* (i. e. Garcilaso and Boscan.)

These tender and beautiful lines are addressed in the original to the departed object of the speaker's earliest and fondest attachment, Doña Isabel Freyre de Fonseca, under the name of his "Divina Elisa."

Note 23, page 96.—*The Parting of the Cid and Ximena.*

The materials for this ballad are to be found in the "Roman-cero del Cid" of Escobar, in the delightful collections of Depping, Grimm, Böhl von Faber, &c. The present is a loose and periphrastic version which pretends not to any of the terseness or simplicity of the originals.

"Del cuello pendiente ella
Viendole tomar la espada
Con lagrimas y suspiros
Le dice aquestas palabras.

"—Salid al campo, señor!
Bañen mis ojos la cama
Que ella me sera tambien
Sin vos, campo de batalla."

* * * *

"Vaya a los Moros el cuerpo
Y quede con vos el alma."

Note 24, page 108.

Wake from thy wintry sleep! I said, oh rose!

Ye jasmins, breathe!

e/ "—Datmi a piena mano e rose e gigli,
Spargete intorno a me viole e fiori,

e/ * * * *
Datmi fiori e candidi e vermigli
 * * * *
Spargete intorno d'amorosi odori

Che il loco alla mia voglia se assomigli." o/

Mateo Maria Boyardo, Sonetto XIV.

"—Nor gradual bloom is wanting,
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquilles
Of potent fragrance."

Thomson's Spring.

Note 25, page 116.—*The Crusader's Return.*

From Schiller's most popular ballad, the "Ritter Toggenburg," of which there are twenty English versions, and not one (including the present one) which at all approaches the original.

Note 26, page 144.—*Lines to the Miniature of a Child,*
by T. Hargreaves.

“—Beneath his touch the sweet creation grew :
His was the fervid genius of the heart,
The magic of the memory, ever true :
The vernal lip breathed there,—the tender hue
Of the young cheek with whose transparent white
Carnation blended,—and the vein shone through,
Glancing with life : the rich and dewy light
Of the deep azure eye, beamed there serenely bright.”

C. G. Godwin.

Note 27, page 146.

*For her, who rich in every earthly joy,
Still heaves for thee the secret lingering sigh.*

“—Ma benche tra felici
Da tutto il mondo numerata sia,
Pur senza te, dolce speranza mia !
Parmi la vita dolorosa,—amara.”

Poliziano.

Note 28, page 148.—*The Fountain.*

BY GIL POLO.

From his pastoral novel of the *Diana Enamorada*, a continuation of the more celebrated *Diana* of George de Montemayor.—Of Gil Polo's work, however, Cervantes has spoken in high terms of praise. At the burning of Don Quixote's library, the curate desires that this book may be preserved, and after condemning another of the same name, says of this, "Y la de Gil Polo se guarde como si fuera del mesmo Apolo,"—"And let this of Gil Polo's be taken care of, as if it were the offspring of Apollo himself."

Note 29, page 161.—*A Venetian Ballad.*

"As we neared the island for the benefit of shade (for the heat was intense), we came close under a dreary-looking wing of the building of the *lazzaretto*—so close, that we distinctly heard a young silvery-toned voice frequently repeating, '*Venite per me? Venite per me, cari amici?*' * Directed by the sound, we perceived a pale face pressed against the iron bars of a sashless window, in an elevated part of the building: one hand, that looked like snow in the sunshine, had forced itself through the grating, and accompanied by its impatient motion, the anxious oft-repeated question of '*Venite per me?*' As we rowed on, the voice lost its cheeriness, its tones seemed suffocated by disappointment, and the wind that bore them died not on the waters

* "Are you coming for me?"

with a more melancholy murmur, than the last sobbing sound which we caught of '*Venite per me ?*'

" '*Poverina !*' said the gondoliere in a tone of compassion— '*Poverina !* If we passed twenty times a day, she would ask if it was for her we were coming ?' We inquired who the *Poverina* was? He said he did not know ; she was some young maniac,—mad for love, he had heard : she had been for many months confined in that apartment in the wing of the lazzeretto dedicated to insane patients ; but in winter or summer, the plashing of the oar of a gondola was sure to bring her to the iron bars of her cell, and elicited that question, repeated in tones so various and affecting, as hope faded into disappointment—'*Venite per me ?*' We reached the Isola San Lazzaro, which looked like a little parterre, or flower-knot, in the sea, and landed in a porch of the convent of the Armenians, with our minds more occupied with the maniac, than with the Monks of the ocean we were about to visit."

Note 30, page 168.—*The Child's Sick-Room.*

" —Je disois à la nuit sombre
 Tu vas maintenant dans ton ombre
 Le cacher pour toujours :
 Je redisois à l' Aurore
 La matinée que tu vas eclore,
 Ce sera le dernier de ses jours !"

Note 31, page 180.—*Love shut out of the Flower-garden.*

There is something very elegant and spirited in the leading idea of this old Cancion ; and the original is a literary curiosity, published at Valencia, 1511. The dialogue (for it is so constructed) between Love and his antagonist is carried to a somewhat wearisome length in the original. The names of some of the flowers are only to be found in the English version.

“Sal del huerto ! miserable !

a/

V/ buscar dulce floresta,
Que ya no puedes en esta
Hacer vida deleitable :
Ni tu, ni tus servidores
Podeis bien estar conmigo,
Que aunque esten llenos de flores,
Yo sè bien cuantos dolores
Suelen siempre traer consigo.

Cerrada estaba mi puerta :

À que vienes ? por do entraste ?

Di, ladrón ! cómo saltaste

Las paredes d/ mi huerta ?

e/

La edad y la razón

De ti me habían libertado :

Deja el pobre corazón

Retraído en su rincón

Contemplar en lo pasado.”—*Rodrigo Cota.*

Note 32, page 183.

*Yet, sweet Love ! with tears and grief
I thy wings receding see.*

“—Quoi ! pour toujours vous me quittez
Tendresse, illusion, folie !
Dons de ciel que me consoliez
Pour l'amertume de la vie !”

Voltaire.

NOTES

TO THE

Soldier's Bride;

OR,

OUR LADY'S CHAPEL AT MIDNIGHT:

A LEGEND OF THE ANCIENT CATHEDRAL OF GOSLAR.

Note 33, page 189.

The German ballad, of which the present is a very *ad libitum* translation, is founded on an ancient tradition, thus alluded to by Coleridge in his "Letters from Germany,"—he is describing his visit to the old Dome-Church (the scene of the legend) at Goslar,—one of the oldest, if not the oldest in Germany: "One of the curious relieves" (he says) "represents the petticoat of leather which the devil took from the woman who rose at midnight, (supposing it to be matin time), entered the church, begun praying, &c. &c.,—wondered rather to see the church so full,—when all at once she heard the clock strike twelve: cried aloud upon the holy name,—‘*Rausch ! Rausch ! Rausch !*’ (mist, smoke, vapour,) ‘nothing but ghosts!’ Off went the woman, but

as she ran over the threshold, she tripped, fell down, and, before she could get up again, the devil had pulled off her petticoat."

"I was much interested" (he continues) "with this ruinous old church, half heathen, half catholic. Goslar was formerly the seat of the Saxon Emperors of Germany."

It is curious to recognise in Burns' haunted kirk Alloway, the lineal representative of the "Chapel of the midnight mass" at Goslar.

Since reading the above, the translator regrets her deviation from this Saxon original of 'Tam O'Shanter.' The omission of the petticoat (the German equivalent for '*poor Maggie's tail*') is not, however, to be ascribed to her, as no mention whatever is made of this curious relique by Döring, the modern German writer. She confesses, however, to a great many interpolations, and to having concentrated the crowd of phantoms who surround the altar in the modern and in the original versions, into *one* ghost.

This translation has been most skilfully set to music by John Lodge, Esq. and there are few who have heard it who have not been delighted with the variety and originality of his composition: with the grandeur of the funeral dirge sweeping, as at stormy intervals, through the aisles of the cathedral, and with the serene simplicity of the morning hymn which concludes it. The latter has been published under the name of "Morning Hymn to the Virgin," by Hawes, Strand.

NOTES

TO THE

Hindoo God and the Bapadera :

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

Note 34, p. 203.—*The Hindoo God Mahadeo* : (so in
Goëthe's text.)

This love of the god Mahadeo for a mortal is thus alluded to
in Sir William Jones' translation of the Hymn to Camdeo, the
Hindoo Cupid :

“—But when thy daring hand, untamed,
At Mahadeo a love-shaft aimed,
Heaven shook ! — and, smit with *stone*y wonder,
Told his deep dread in bursts of thunder.”

Sir Wm. Jones' poems.

Goëthe's original poem has been beautifully set to music by Zelter, (his long-valued friend and correspondent,) and it is impossible to imagine anything more exquisitely calculated for such a purpose, both by the melody and charm of its versification, and the dramatic variety of its feeling and expression. To the peculiar fitness of Goëthe's poetry to such adaptation, Beethoven has borne eloquent evidence. See Bettina Arnim's Letters.

Note 35, page 109.—*Cheeks with youthful glory beaming.*

This verse may be left out, for it is an interpolation. Goëthe has perversely and profanely managed to exhibit the similarity between the descent of the Hindoo deity to earth, and our creed : (a resemblance really to be traced in the fables of Eastern mythology.) An attempt has been made to get rid of this, and to invest the youthful god with some of the charms and attributes of the Grecian divinities.

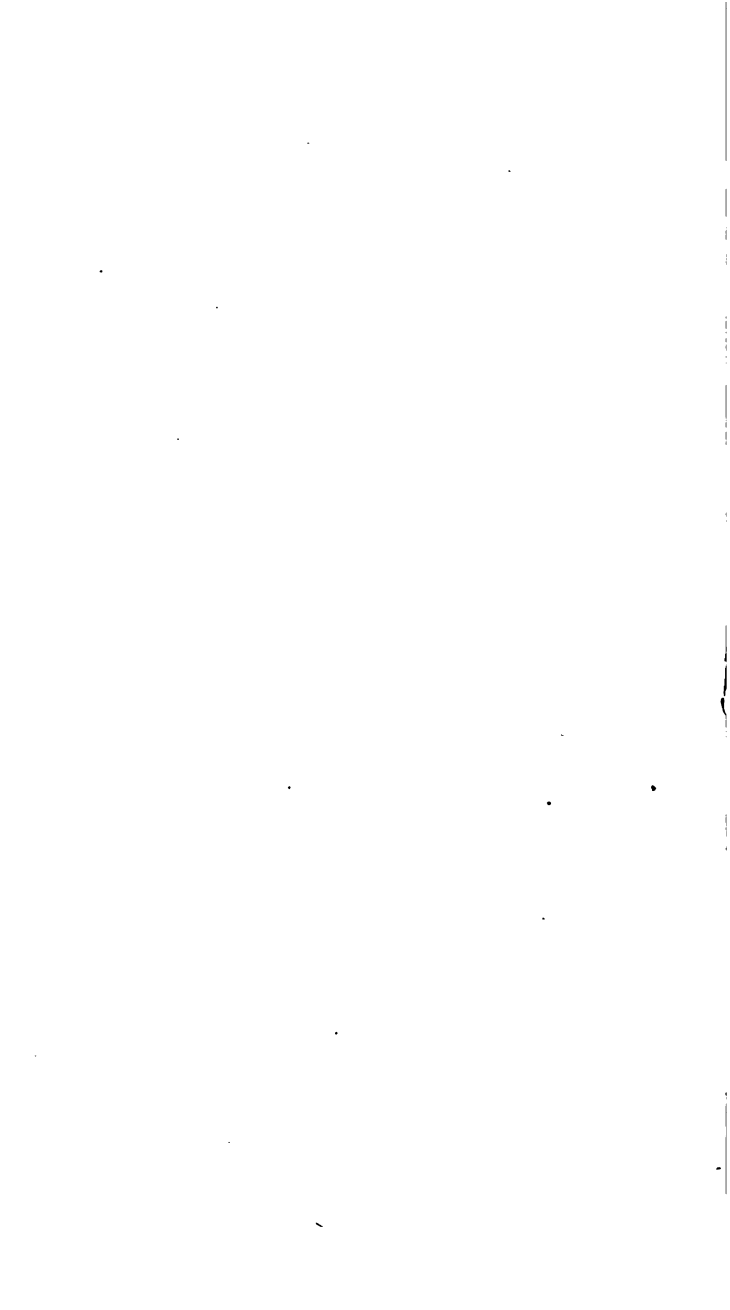
Note 36, page 110.—*On whose cheeks the dyes that glister,*
Was first translated "On those cheeks the painted roses," but the Indian women do not wear rouge in our fashion : the pictures done by the natives themselves, have merely stains, or patches, of colour or gold-leaf, on the faces,—so as to answer very well to Goëthe's word "bunt"—*variegated* : this has been translated "pale roses," wishing to get rid of any idea of artificial beauty.

Note 37, page 213.—*And those limbs of graceful motion.*

In the original “artful motion,”—but everything has been avoided that could degrade this beautiful personification of devoted attachment.

Note 38, page 219.—*Wake ! ye drums, your brazen clamours !*

This is intended to represent the loud, discordant noises of instruments with which the Hindoos accompany their religious ceremonies, particularly the Suttees, (or burning of the widows,)—perhaps to drown the cries of the victim. The brazen *tom-toms*, or great drums, are always thus employed : I have several pictures, painted by a native, of men sitting beating them at the doors of the mosques.



RECOLLECTIONS

OF

M R S . H E M A N S :

Notes & Fragments.

THE writer feels so bound down by the fear of doing injustice to the memory of her friend by betraying the careless communications of a confiding affection,—of inserting anything in these pages that can give pain to those who were dearest to her while she lived,—that this little memoir, or rather these few notes, as to the years they passed near each other, and the subsequent and sorrowful one in which the brother of the writer saw her constantly, must necessarily be very slight and general.

The task is only for a woman's hand, and those who this imperfect and disjointed fulfilment of it may disappoint, must remember,—that (as regards the period here mentioned) the death of Mrs. Hemans' much-valued friend Miss Jewsbury,* and the absence of her only sister, Mrs. Hughes, make it questionable whether any one remains who could have done it any better.

Whatever quotations from Mrs. Hemans' letters are to be found in these pages are from letters addressed to the writer, who never saw any single one of those written by Mrs. Hemans to any other correspondent.

She has had more pain than she even anticipated in looking over the memorials of the high talent she

* The late Mrs. Fletcher.

admired and the affection she was proud of ; and she feels, (as so many other human beings have felt, when it is too late, and with a pang of that mournful self-reproach which the memory of the dead so often awakens), that she never did half enough while her friend lived, to recognise the one, or to deserve the other.

Recollections of Mrs. Hemans.

Page 231.

*During her residence at Wavertree village,
near Liverpool.*

FELICIA HEMANS was born in Duke-street, Liverpool, on the 25th September, 1793—5,—the child of George Browne, Esq. and of Felicity, his wife, daughter of — Wagner, Esq.—The family removed to St. Asaph soon after this period, and it was there that a volume of her childish poems (with designs of her own) was published, by subscription, in 1806. She added another example to the rare and splendid

one exhibited by Lord Byron, of a precocious mediocrity which shot forth subsequently with all the vigour of genius.

When some critic, "expert in breaking a butterfly upon a wheel," had launched out in the oracle of the age against these childish effusions, their little author was put to bed for several days, weeping and heart-sick of vexation and disappointment. This was the first and the last time that she tasted the bitterness of criticism; and this castigation (justifiable only by Dr. Parr's penal-code, and his often-expressed opinion of its salutary results,) *was* beneficial: it repressed a facility which might have been dangerous or fatal.

Her mother, who entered into all her feelings, was rewarded in after years by seeing the records of her

daughter's subsequent literary success laid on her dying bed; and she noticed them, even then, as having conveyed pleasure and praise to her "poor afflicted Felicia,"—to her "bright one," as she used to call her beautiful fair-haired child,—translating an old Welsh expression of affection and admiration.

Page 232.

*And pure religion's mild, undazzling sun,
(Dear to thy youth, ere yet thy sands were run),
Its soft shades deepening as the day was done,
Beamed with calm radiance on thy parting rest!*

From her excellent mother, (who died at Bron-wylfa, St. Asaph, early in the year 1829,) Mrs. Hemans imbibed religious impressions which were reverted to; and dwelt upon, with unspeakable comfort and consolation in her last hours; and a purity of heart which every line she has ever written bears evidence of.

Page 235.

That nations honour thee, and sages greet.

America, foremost in its generous readiness to admire and appreciate her: in its kind reception of one of her sons, (bequeathed, as it were, to the national protection), all of whom, from fine talents and disposition, are worthy of their dear mother.

Dr. Channing. This most distinguished among American literati was in constant correspondence with her. He sent her several of his works as they were successively published.

Page 235.

That kindred bards the precious wreath assign.

Mrs. Joanna Baillie, always mentioned by Mrs. Hemans with the greatest respect and admiration, and playfully, sometimes, as "our Queen Joanna:—" (how she would have welcomed her recent publica-

tion !) To this distinguished lady the most perfect effort of Mrs. Hemans' genius is dedicated : " The Records of Woman." There is nothing that she ever achieved more exquisitely touching and beautiful than this volume,—more peculiarly so than the episode of the unfortunate Arabella Stuart :—(it was such a happy thought and selection of subject !) history has nothing more heart-stirring or impressive ; romance has nothing more tenderly and powerfully interesting ; and the melancholy fatalism that ruled the destiny of this ill-starred scion of a royal line, might have charmed and satisfied the spirit of Müllner himself.* There is more dramatic power in these letters of Arabella's than in the " Vespers of Palermo : " their bursts of feeling are, in fact, perfect as soliloquies.

* See his " Schuld " and the Twentyfourth of February ; and Goëthe's wholesome dislike of these and of all other *fate-tragedies*.—*Briefwechsel von Zelter und Goethe*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Thomas Hamilton, Esq. (author of the delightful novel of "Cyril Thornton," "Men and Manners in America," &c.)—remarkable even among her friends, for the earnest and generous interest which he took in all that related to her.

Wordsworth: with what affectionate admiration she considered him, need hardly here be told, (she has left a beautiful memorial of it in her poems,* and in her correspondence,) and there are none who approach him who do not share in the feeling; or how she valued his letters,—and smiled when I called them "the scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,"†

* "Thine is a strain to read among the hills," &c.

† Shakspeare.

None but those who have seen the volumes of letters she possessed and received from all who have been most distinguished and illustrious in the literary world, can imagine the praise and homage that were offered to her,—and this while she was still young : she had been, in early youth, very beautiful, and was married in her eighteenth year to one who never could appreciate her. In the ages, situation in life, of the parties, there was no disparity, but every prudential consideration forbade their union ; and her mother assented to this unfortunate attachment, it is said, only because she dreaded for Felicia the fate of a beautiful elder sister, who had died very young of consumption. It is known that the estrangement which ensued arose only out of one of the least blameable sources of such conventional separations, —either from the pressure of worldly cares, or the utter incompatibility of habits and feelings ; but

whatever censure may be attached to it must not rest upon Mrs. Hemans, for, upon her mother's death, her offer to rejoin her husband was rejected. After this, and indeed from the year ~~1808~~, previously, they met no more. 1819

On this subject, it is believed, she hardly ever spoke; never unless a few words burst from her under the pressure of recent vexation: the friend who loved her best never awakened it;—even in the soothing privacy of confidence and affection there was nothing to beguile her into complaint or retrospection. With so many other feelings in common, in this alone their thoughts were disunited: there was something perhaps in their contrasted positions with respect to everything that relates to the affections, which made this subject sacred or unapproachable. Both were silently aware (and there is melancholy

allusion to this in one of Mrs. Hemans' latest letters) that in all that regards these feelings, the fate of the one had been as adverse as that of the other had been mild and happy. She never complained then, but what she suffered, from this or other ills, might be gathered from her harassed, feverish, countenance, —from the paroxysms of beating of the heart, in almost audible pulsations, which used to seize her (as one of her children said) "after she got her letters,"—and which gave melancholy indication of the lurking malady which was so soon to declare itself. She never complained, but what she felt may, perhaps, be traced from her picture of disappointed tenderness in her own "*Properzia Rossi*."—

—“ Tell me no more, no more

Of my soul's lofty gifts ! are they not vain

To quench its haunting thirst for happiness ?

Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind
One true heart unto me, whereon my own
Might find a resting place, a home for all
Its burthen of affections ? — I depart
Unknown, tho' fame goes with me ;
I must leave
The earth unknown : — yet it may be that death
Shall give my name a power to win such tears
As would have made life precious."

Records of Woman, page 47.

In this, as in so many other of her writings, she has fathomed all the depths of the domestic feelings ; and in her poetry, as in a holy shrine, their pure oracles rest recorded and chronicled.

Page 232.—*Dear to thy youth.*

The mother and sister she thus lost, are often and most affectionately remembered in her writings : See

"The Land of Dreams"—"The Spirit's Call," &c. —and Bronwylfa, the birth-place of her children, and now the residence of her eldest brother, Sir Henry Browne, is described in her "Songs of the affections," as the "Deserted House." This poem was written just before she left St. Asaph to settle at Wavertree.

After her mother's death, this home of her youth, was improved and embellished ; and she felt as all old inmates feel under such circumstances, and said in that spirit of mournful regret that no degree of fraternal, or even surviving kindness can always mitigate, that it was to her every day, "more of a place, and less of a home."

Professor Norton: A critique upon Mrs. Hemans' "Forest Sanctuary," appeared in the *Christian Ob-*

server, Vol. 3, No. 5, Boston, 1826, and a review of of her earlier poems, "Records of Women," &c. in a subsequent article in the new series of the same work. Vol. 1, No. 1. *Boston*, 1828. It begins thus:—

"The writings of Mrs. Hemans have been so justly estimated in this country, that any praise now, can be little more than an echo of the public voice. Her poetry, so full of deep sentiment, so pure and elevating, calls up images and emotions like those with which we view the brilliancy of the evening-star in the stillness of the summer night. It allies itself to everything belonging to the better part of our nature." See the *Christian Examiner*, Vol. 3, No. 5. Boston, 1825.

This is supposed to have proceeded from the pen of *Professor Norton*: it is known how highly his

literary opinions have been valued in his own country. He visited England with his lady in 1828; principally it is said, with the view of becoming acquainted with Mrs. Hemans, who they had known long before by correspondence. They found her, unexpectedly, at the house of a mutual friend, H. Park, Esq. (of Liverpool,) who to name is to praise; in this venerable and scientific man, and in his warm-hearted and accomplished daughter Eliza, Mrs. Hemans possessed two of the truest friends that were ever allotted to her: it was their friendship and suggestion that induced her to make choice of the vicinity of Wavertree for her residence; and she remained for some time at their house there, before she took possession of her own.

Professor Norton exerted himself most effectually with regard to Mrs. Hemans' interests on his return

to America, and secured to her the copy-right of the edition of her poems which was then published, (it is believed, under his auspices :) from all the immense number of copies previously circulated there, she had never derived any advantage. His and Mrs. Norton's steady and essential kindness has been continued to her son Claude, now in America.

It was curious to glance over the piles of her correspondence, which she never arranged, and never exhibited : she had had great delight in receiving these letters, but had no pride in possessing them. Sometimes they were resorted to for an autograph to bestow on some collecting friend ; sometimes they were communicated to the one she loved in the warmth and pleasure of their recent arrival.

The more distinguished were the names subscribed to these letters, the more remarkable were they for

their simplicity of style,—their purity from pretension: those written by the sternest of critics were the most playful and graceful; Sir Walter Scott's and Wordsworth's the most cordial and precious. For all that regarded literary composition, there were none so beautiful as Dr. Channing's: for frankness and generous feeling,—for everything that makes letter-writing delightful, there were none equal to the author of Cyril Thornton's. All these, it is believed, have perished,—have been burnt, or dispersed, in the course of Mrs. Hemans' subsequent emigrations; nor is it likely, if they existed, that they would find among her executors any one capable of the treachery of publication.

To all the first-mentioned friends she wrote with the utmost pleasure and promptitude. To these succeeded an ephemeral host that were every day

arriving: clumsy-shaped letters, and perfumed notes, —and stately sonnets, and humble tributes,—and condescending notices,—and gracious praise, from some who offered, and more who expected a reciprocation of it: pages over which Le Sage might have smiled, from the various and shifting forms that vanity assumed in them: and in the exact inverse ratio of the real literary rank of the writers, was the lofty tone of patronage which pervaded them.

To all these, she for a time gave answers, always kind, if they might not always be favourable: what with these, and the urgency of her regular literary pursuits, the pen seemed never out of her hand: the writer takes some credit for having been the first to convince her (chiefly by the example of the perfect freedom from epistolary toil, of the soothing dispensations, and comfortable immunities, in which she

in her obscurity, indulged herself,) that Mrs. Hemans' well-known literary avocations ought to exempt her from the fatigue of so large and so desultory a correspondence.

Then there were M.S. verses for approval, and presentation copies for acceptance. C., who had been, perhaps, sometimes disappointed in their splendid covers, said one day, in a tone of much vexation, "Every body sends poetry to *my* mama !"

The course of her literary career was singularly calm and prosperous : praise was wafted to her from every quarter of the globe : the periodical press was charmed into silence or into commendation. I never remember any criticism that could wound her, or which denied her just rights. But with all this public supremacy we knew how sorrowful, how melan-

choly was her private life ! though she never saw those she loved without being lighted up to a gaiety and animation which has often made my heart ache ; it contrasted so painfully with the series of struggles of worldly cares and efforts, and mental exertions, in which, she passed her lonely hours.

That such of these cares as could be obviated by assistance and kindness, were often ministered to by her relations, is certainly true—but these were many, (and these not brought on by the improvidence of genius or the inadvertency of a mind continually strained by exertion) which could not always be guarded against : every provision that her literary efforts could obtain was devoted to the support and the education of her children :* she possessed a most

* She had for her device on a little seal, “ A bird hovering over its nest, feeding its young.”

patient courage in the endurance of evil, and a nature that could not stoop to complaint or to expostulation, even with those from whom she might most naturally have claimed assistance ; she was therefore, not always shielded from privations,—and was never exempt⁹¹¹ from anxiety. Added to all these, there was her delicate health, which required a thousand indulgencies which she never claimed or regarded ;—and her early tendency to inflammatory attacks, which demanded innumerable precautions which she would never practice.

Page 235.

Mirroring the forms of earth in hues of heaven.

She had a most rapid perception of the beautiful ; an intense admiration for everything that was lovely in art or nature : with the skill and the feeling of a painter, she could group the inanimate objects

around her into subjects of poetical study, and with the "gifted eye of genius" develope qualities in them which made them susceptible of picturesque effect and combination.

This was still more striking, when the grander views or properties of nature accidentally presented themselves to her: I remember her delight and admiration of the first sight of the Aurora B^orealis: and how many beautiful allusions to it have been to be traced in her poetry since!

There is an expression in one of the works of her friend and correspondent Major Moyle Sherer,* that always reminded me of her. He is speaking of the Italians: of their natural taste, and almost innate refinement,—of the pleasures and the pains resulting from a mind so constituted.

* Author of "Recollections of the Peninsula."

Spanish Library,—page 237.

Whate'er proud Spain has pour'd of record old.

The Rev. J. B. White. From him she heard very often, and always shared with me his masterly and invaluable communications on the subject of Spanish literature. One of her latest letters, written in pencil, was brought to me by him, and it is very beautiful in the eloquent regard with which she speaks of him.

German Books,—page 238.

Mock the chill fears our hearts had learnt to prize.

"Spesso l'orrore va co 'il deletto."—*Marino.*

Like all persons of a highly imaginative or poetic temperament, she delighted in these fictions,—in the shadowy glimpses of an ideal world that they opened to her, in the description of that continued and mysterious relation subsisting between the living and the dead, on which their narratives are based ;—the dearest of

the delusions to which affliction clings,—the primary article of that visionary faith by which our thrilling interest in them is excited. She possessed a strong mind, and an extraordinary degree of moral, and, indeed, of constitutional, courage : she would have ridiculed these terrors if she had spoken of them : still there were moments, and especially in ill health, when, perhaps, the woman and the poetess felt their subduing influences. Then these contemplations did her harm : she never was so worn or so excited as in the composition of “ The Spirit’s Return,”—a scene in which the voice of a mourner invokes and obtains the return and the re-appearance of the departed. The introductory part of the subject is of extraordinary beauty and force. The early history of the visionary,—the progress of that desolation of affliction which sought refuge from despair in such an expectation and such a conviction, is admirably

traced,—and so are the accessories, the localities, and the scenery. She read it to me, as we sate alone one evening, in the low tones of an earnest and impassioned eloquence, and with an effect which astonished even one who had been used to hear her. But it exhausted her,—it seemed as if the production cost her too much : like her own Mozart, she seemed to be thrilled by the influences she had herself invoked. She was not satisfied with it after it was finished : when the spectre has appeared on the scene, the spell seems to dissolve, and the latter part is comparatively feeble and ineffective.

Upon seeing afterwards the “ Laodamia and Protesilaus” of Wordsworth, I recognised immediately the difficulty she had found in contenting herself. The subject, as he has treated it, with an antique grandeur and simplicity the most touching and the

most imposing, had completely seized her mind,—she could not dispossess herself of it, and her fancy, clouded by her memory, could only give her back the floating and shadowy imagery reflected from the work of the great master. In that part, then, in which she describes the interview between the living and the dead, she has produced only an impassioned and beautiful modern version of the severe and stately classic ; but it is full of exquisite poetry, and when I read it now, it seems as if I heard her voice still speaking. The tone of a personal narrative which it assumes, the addressing itself to a friend who had not known her in early life,—all make it very impressive to me.

Italian Books,—page 239.

She possessed a rare industry, and her knowledge of languages was perfectly self-acquired : it was not,

perhaps, very extensive or accurate, but she seized upon whatever it communicated with the habitual quickness of intuitive talent, and gave back their poetical imagery with a truth and a beauty which was rather the achievement of the "freemasonry of mind" than the result of previous study or application. This power of appropriating or subduing a subject to our purposes is one of the faculties, or, perhaps, one of the minor characteristics of genius. It was possessed strongly by Canning and Mirabeau. *See Dumont.*

Her conversation,—page 242.

*And deem'd, not e'en thy volumes' treasur'd flowers
Gave such fair transcript of thy heaven-fraught mind !*

Her language and imagery in speaking were studiously correct and beautiful,—hardly less so than in her poetry. When first I knew her, her spirits were

of the finest and gayest flow : there was too much effort in their brilliancy latterly,—at least those would think so who knew what this over-exertion cost her, and how she suffered (in langour and silence) afterwards. She was strongly excited by society, and (what was almost the same thing to her) by admiration. At all times when we were alone, I never knew the being who could equal her.

I always feared that she should write a novel,—that the opinion of her friend Miss Jewsbury, and the success of one of her brilliant and poetically-gifted contemporaries, might have induced her to do so,—for it did not appear to me that her talent lay that way. She possessed not that knowledge of the world which is necessary and effective for such a purpose : she had seen little of that society where “*les plaisirs deviennent des peines par leur multi-*

plicité,"*—where individual character is so closely veiled, and common foibles so unsparingly exhibited. Her empire lay within the bounded but beautiful horizon of the regions of imagination that surrounded her. Self-occupied and absorbed, she had no skill in the analysis of character; no address in the management of that powerful weapon, ridicule, so feared both by the worldly, and the enthusiastic,—which so often checks what is absurd, but which not unfrequently “smothers or represses that which is noble.” I could not bear that she should risk such high celebrity as hers, or profane her graceful and poetical imagination by any misapplication of it.

Thine sparkling wit, &c.

In the world, as it is called, (i. e. the small portion of it that she had seen, she had never been in Lon-

* Madame de Sevigné.

don,) it fared with her as it has done with all other women of genius, from Madame de Staël, downward: she was frequently accused of heresy and schism, and several times regularly convicted of contumacy and non-conformity. Those who could not appreciate her poetry could ^{criticise} ~~analyse~~ her dress, and those who could not estimate her talents might remark upon the polished construction of her language, or detect the slight inflections by which her brilliant conversation rose above the level and conventional tone of society. Her pleasantry was not always genuine or happy; and something was, perhaps, wanting of the *tact* which so gracefully waives the claims of a conscious and acknowledged superiority.

But I am speaking of her (and my heart reproaches me for having done so) in her happier days; for the last few years her delicate health implied and en-

joined an almost perfect seclusion from general society : except very rarely at the Archbishop of Dublin's, or in the Adjutant-general's family there, it is believed she never visited after her residence in Ireland.

If the subsequent picture which these pages have to offer of her, appear too dark and gloomy to those who knew her only in her gayer, but not her brighter hours, they must remember the chastening and refining influences under which she passed the later years of her life.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
MRS. HEMANS :
Notes & Fragments.

PART II.

“ Sketch the bright tints that swift succeeding die,
Like colours on a summer sun-set sky :
Arrest the fleeting gleams, and bid them live
A softened light to memory's page to give,
And with the mild reflection of their ray,
To gild the gloom of Nature's closing day.

Her visit to *Thomas Hamilton, Esq.*, at Chiefswood, in July, 1829, introduced her to Abbotsford and Sir Walter ; and subsequently to all that was most distinguished in the literary society of Edinburgh.

Sir Walter Scott : his extreme kindness to her and her children during her visit to Abbotsford ; her walk with him in the Rhymer's Glen ; visits to Ashtiel, (his previous residence,) to Melrose, to New-ark tower, and to Yarrow.

“ How you would delight in Abbotsford ! The baronial character of the whole place, — the stately hall with its armour and richly-fretted roof, all mantled over with ‘ light that counterfeits a gloom ’ pouring in through deep-coloured windows ; and the antique-looking library, with so many objects of interest — the urn presented by Lord Byron, &c. &c. ; but you have heard of all these things, let me tell you of the mighty master himself, and of his kindness.

“ Will you not envy me ? We went to the ‘ bonnie holms of Yarrow,’ about ten miles from hence :

we passed all the way through storied scenes along the Ettrick, and by the fairy-haunted Casterhaugh and the bridge of Selkirk, and Bow-hill. I would I could tell you how his spirit, like sudden bursts of sunshine, threw life and beauty over all those spots by its vivid pictures of the past. I was with him in an open carriage, accompanied only by the boys, so I had his conversation entirely to myself, and sometimes I felt surprised that I was talking so freely and happily—as to ‘mine own familiar friend’—with Sir Walter Scott, on the banks of the beautiful Yarrow,—a fine darkly-transparent mountain-stream, now almost melancholy in its shadowy quiet, now bursting and flashing forth into joyous motion,” &c.

“He repeated to me the fine old ballad ‘They sought him East, they sought him West.’ I would you could hear him recite,—particularly from the

Border Minstrelsy—any verse of a warlike character,—he is as if he heard the sound of a sudden trumpet on the mountains.”

Washington Irving's description of him detects the charm of his manner and society :

“ He arrogated nothing to himself, but was perfectly unassuming, unpretending. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts and opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures, seemed beneath him,

“ He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot for a while his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, and in whose society they had felt so perfectly at their ease.”*

* A young lady told me that she was once staying at Abbotsford when a notification was sent up, as usual, from the little inn

“ You would like Sir Walter’s love for his trees :
I do believe he is prouder of them than of his works.
He has promised to have a seat made in a beautiful
spot of the Rhymer’s Glen, (the scene where Thomas
of Ercildoune and the Fairy Queen eloped together)
and to call it by my name.”

“ He is extremely fond of National music, of
which I have played to him a great deal, and shall

at Melrose, of a travelling party, just arrived, “ who requested permission to see the *lions* at Abbotsford, and hoped they might be allowed a sight of Sir Walter too.” There was nothing in their names, or in the manner in which they presented their petition which recommended it particularly, and some of the family, who knew how often he was inconvenienced by such visits, would have rejected it ; but Sir Walter could not bear to disappoint any one. “ They were welcome,” he wrote, “ to see Abbotsford and its lions, and even (since they wished it) *the old lion* himself ; and as these animals are supposed to appear to the greatest advantage at feeding-time, he hoped they would come up and dine with him.” &c.

not soon forget the manner of his thanking me,—it was so cordial—so *sunny*, if I may thus apply that epithet. The Rhine song (respecting which he told me a spirit-stirring tale,—one that I will repeat to you some quiet evening in the ‘fairy-boudoir’) is his especial favorite; and he is very fond of my sister’s ‘Captive Knight,’ and calls the symphony a ‘noble point of war.’

“I anticipate many happy hours in talking over with you the scenes and the conversations of delightful Abbotsford. How you would enjoy it!”*

* I was not destined to see it until the mighty master had departed, and all that remained of him there was sicklied over with a shade of indescribable sadness; until *she* was lying sick who had so lately and so affectionately (in the midst of her own langour and suffering) expressed the wish “that sunshine and flowers, and all bright and happy thoughts, might ever be round” me!

“I wish you could have heard Sir Walter Scott describe a glorious sight which had been witnessed by a friend of his!—the crossing of the Rhine, at Ehrenbreitstein, by the German army of Liberators on their victorious return from France. ‘At the first gleam of the river,’ he said, ‘they all burst forth into the national chaunt—*Am Rhein ! am Rhein !* They were two days passing over, and the rocks and the castle were ringing to the song the whole time, for each band renewed it while crossing ; and the Cossacks, with the clash, and the clang, and the roll of their stormy war-music, catching the enthusiasm of the scene, swelled forth the chorus—*Am Rhein ! am Rhein !*’ ”

Of the ghost-stories which he told her, and which so delighted her, some have since been published, that of Lord Byron, for instance ; but there is no

written tradition of the busy ghosts of the upholsterer and his men, heard at midnight in the unfinished library at Abbotsford. It was of a dream or fancy, he said, which preceded the morning on which the account actually arrived of the death of the principal person employed by him ; and the impatience with which he awaited the completion of this beautiful apartment might have given rise to such an idea in a mind less poetically gifted than Sir Walter's.

One has learnt from subsequent knowledge to pity the fatigue which the noble-spirited and hospitable invalid was constantly exposed to from visitors, strangers, friends, observers,—to enter into the feelings of relief with which he sank back into his arm-chair, when his illustrious guests had departed, to soothe and rock himself over some idle book, (per-

haps to catch from it some spark which should afterwards expand itself, in one of his novels, into brilliancy and beauty), — or with which he wandered out into his plantations—more proud of them than of all his works—to breathe the fresh air, which gave relief to his weary spirits.

The Duke de Chartres and his suite visited Abbotsford during the time that Mrs. Hemans was there with her children. She says “This gave me an opportunity of seeing Sir Walter in a new light—another and the same, for nothing in the least alters his manly simplicity : his attention, even to Charles and Henry and their little indulgencies, was as kind and as watchful as ever, amid all the excitement of a royal visit.”*

* Her son Charles’ account of the visit was very characteristic.

“Sir Walter was very good-natured to us,” (to him and his

Mrs. Hemans returned, after having visited this second Prospero in his cell, charmed, as every one else has been, by the spells which this great and kind magician cast around him. Her eloquent praise and deep impressions were revived while I listened to the homely but not less expressive words of his singularly acute and superior old friend Mrs. *Meg Dodds* :* “He was beautiful company!” she

brother Henry,)—and they ran wherever they liked, and had been with him to Newark tower, and Yarrow, and they had seen Melrose and Dominie Sampson; and the “Duke de Chartres had been there,—(one day with his suite): he was a very handsome young Prince, and very elegant; and mama played for him on the piano-forte, and he seemed to listen very attentively, but whether he thought it polite, or whether he liked it, we did not know.”

- * Is Sir Walter supposed to have written the inscription which shines forth in glittering characters under the sign of the *Dog* at her *hostellerie*, at Fusie-bridge, near Edinburgh? (Both the dog and his mistress deserve to be handed down to posterity.)

“*My name is Buck,—to Fusie, good luck!*”

said,—and who that has ever been within the circle of his influence will not confirm the praise ? Mrs. Hemans' written accounts of her visit to Abbotsford are particularly vivid and delightful : the pictures of Sir Walter and his dogs, of Melrose, of Dominie Sampson : the "Farewel" that she wrote and gave to Sir Walter on quitting it, is not among her happiest efforts : genius does not willingly lend itself to these exigencies,—"it will not be commanded."

This is more original than the one he proposed to another gude-wife, who, with many curtsies and civilities, entreated him to write some lines to be placed over the door of her clachan : she had observed, she said, how *everything* that he wrote about, prospered. He told her he had already written something which was very much at her service,—the omission of a single letter would make it perfect,—he proposed that it should run thus :

"Drink, thirsty traveller ! drink and PAY."

The line in "Marmion" is—

*"Drink, thirsty traveller, drink ! and pray
For the kind soul of Sybil Gray," &c. &c.*

Rydal Mount: Mr. Wordsworth's. Her letters from Rydal Mount were written in the very spirit of renovated health and intellectual enjoyment: they tell of her walks among the hills, of her excursions on a pony—the bard walking beside her,—of everything that kindness and hospitality could do to make her and her children happy: they are precious as conveying to me from him expressions of continued good will and regard, invaluable from such a source.

Rydal Mount.

“I have been making you a little drawing of Mr. Wordsworth’s house, which, though it has no other merit than that of fidelity, will, I know, find favour in your sight. The steps up the front lead to a little grassy mound commanding a view always so rich, and sometimes so brightly solemn, that one can well imagine its influence traceable in many of the

poet's writings. On this mount he frequently sits all evening, and sometimes seems borne away in thought," &c. &c.

Elleray, (now the residence of Mrs. Hemans' friend, T. Hamilton, Esq.)

"I visited Elleray, Professor Wilson's house, (though he is not now at home) a few days since. The scene round it is in itself a festival. I never saw any landscape bearing so triumphant a character, — 'laughing as if earth contained no tomb.' The house, which is beautiful, seems built as if to overlook some fairy pageant, something like the Venetian splendour of old, on the glorious lake beneath,"

*" Dove's Nest, near Winandermere,
" Date unknown.*

" You may think how happy I have been in the society of ———. All my fears and fancies of

austerity and stateliness melted away before one day's intercourse. His conversation, though often rising into earnestness and eloquence, is perfectly unambitious : you never see a wish to shine, but you *feel* a desire to impress you with the truth of what possesses his own mind at the time. Then his reading and recitation are exquisite,—such pathos and passion as flow through his tones, I never heard in the voice of any actor whatever.”*

“ Dove’s Nest, near Winandermere.

“ Here I have left behind me all the dust of celebrity : I have been only asked to write in two Albums since I came into this country. Mr. W. tells me

* The writer enters into all this, and a great deal more of Mrs. Hemans’ affectionate praise, with her whole heart : she shall never forget his recitation of “ Yarrow revisited,” or the effect of it,—heard, in this way, for the first time.

that when he was more troubled with these importunities than he is at present, he found it convenient to administer the same line to all patients. The one he selected for the purpose, and adhered to a considerable time, was

‘The proper study of mankind, is *man*.’

Think of this in the midst of the butterfly-winged cupids and roses of a young lady’s Album !”

His friend Mr. R. had also a formula for such exigencies ; but without his permission, “first had and obtained,” it may not be here inserted.

It was delightful that she realized so many pleasures as these excursions among the lakes, and this visit to Scotland afforded her. Her mind took a new *elans* from the variety of fresh and beautiful objects that broke upon her : from the pride and the dis-

tion conferred by such success in such society.* It was hoped that she might have lived to realize the delightful anticipations which Madame de Stael has breathed in words as remarkable for their truth of expression, as for the exquisite beauty of their poetical imagery : " Je crois que je ferai une belle peinture des effets de l'imagination dans l'age mûr : cet age où les objets qui vont bientôt s'obscurcir, sont encore illuminés par les rayons pourpre d'un soleil qui baisse."

* From the rich treasury of Mrs. Hemans' letters,—from Abbotsford, from Edinburgh, from Rydal Mount, from Chieftwood,—no further extracts can be given, for their brilliant details are blended with such expressions of confidence and affection as render them too precious to be ever submitted to the public: they are carefully preserved, and will be dear to the person to whom they were written as long as life remains. It need hardly be said that the style of them is playful, forcible, and elegant. Of some such, addressed to his family, Mr. Chorley, in the Athenæum, has exhibited excellent specimens; and the details with which he has accompanied them, are as literally true, as they are interesting.

Mrs. Hemans delighted in children, and the various and beautiful descriptions of them with which her poetry abounds, were reflected from the forms of those around her. She had only sons. She has been accused of too partial an affection for one of her boys,— of a fondness which kept him too constantly by her side ; but his devotedness to her, and the then surpassing beauty of his childish countenance, might have gained her excuse from any mother—if she had not found a more reasonable one in her peculiar and solitary position, which made her seek refuge under the shadow even of protection afforded her by the constant society of her children.

It is a pleasure to look back upon passages which we have read and admired together. Perhaps because it reminded her of C. she was charmed with the following one, which occurs in one of the earliest

Italian dramatists.—The author was the courtly Ruccellai,* the nephew of Lorenzo de Medeci, and the ambassador of his (thus near) relative, Leo X. at the courts of Francis I. and of Florence,—

The subject is taken from the *Iphigenia*, in *Tauris*, of Euripides. Orestes, tormented by the furies for having slain his mother, is commanded by the oracle to possess himself of the statue of Diana, from her altar in *Tauris*: he recognises in the priestess his sister *Iphigenia*, imagined dead long before. Slowly she admits the possibility of its being indeed her brother, her Orestes, who is thus restored to her, and questions him doubtingly as to the circumstances

* He was the author of the “molto lodato poemetto Dell’ *Api*,” (often printed and seldom read), and of the “*Rosamunda*,” which was acted with great splendour at Florence, in the presence of Leo X, in 1516. The “*Oreste*,” more esteemed by his contemporaries, was not published till after his death, and was bequeathed by him, in a few touching words of confidential and relying affection, to his friend and noble dramatic rival, Trissino.

of their early childhood, their home—its localities,
its decorations :

“ Ma dimmi,—sopra il capezzal del letto
Nella lettiera che v'er ci dipinte ?

ORESTE.—Sopra un erboso rivo
Di corrente cristallo
Un vago e blanco cigno
Sorgea, curvando il collo, &c.
.....Non *fi* ricorda come la mattina
Tenendomi ristretto al vostro seno
Mi mostravate e narravate a dito
Tutta la storia che dipinta v'era ?”

She continues to question him, but all doubt yields
to the tenderness of the following recollections :

ORESTE.—“ Ma non *fi* ricord' ei com' io dormiva
Nel vostro letto, e nelle vostre bracci ?
—Mi nutrivate sì teneramente
Com' una pianta di viole, o gigli
In un bel vassel posta in terren culto,
Cui nutrimento ad ora ad ora porge,
L'aura suave, la rugiada, e'l sole.
—Ne' altra mai che voi, quand' io piangea
Potea racconsolar mio mesto pianto !”

There is something very touching and beautiful in this passage,* — in the almost household simplicity of its descriptions and its circumstances. Amid the startling horrors of the classic story, the effect of repose and peace which this little scene exhibits, reminds one of a beautiful garden blooming on the verge of a volcano.

It was Mrs. Hemans' sister, Mrs. Hughes, who set so many of her songs to music, with a happiness of effect which so completely echoes their feeling,

* It has been placed here for one who knows how to love and value these beautiful pictures of a domestic happiness which she herself enjoys,—for one “who can gaze upon her own fair boy” recollecting that

“As many hopes hang on his infant head
As blossoms on a bough in May, and sweet ones !”

Beaumont & Fletcher.

—for one who has silently tasted the pleasure so tenderly described by Faustina Maratti,† as arising from the sight of her husband's success amid his assembled countrymen.

† See page 171.

that it seems to be the result of a sort of kindred unison ; such as is sometimes so pleasing in the voices of sisters. Many of them were beautifully set by Mr Lodge too, with whom she long corresponded on the subject.

One should hardly like to hear the "Nightingale's death-song," or the "Treasures of the deep," now,—or that of which, perhaps, the music is more touchingly beautiful than either, "The messenger bird"—
"Thou art gone to the spirits' land !"

Mrs. Hemans played very pleasingly, and was passionately fond of music. She has described in, perhaps, the finest of her lyrics, the "Requiem of Mozart," the manner in which she herself felt its thrilling influences. It was after having listened with great delight one evening to some sweet and loved voices (that are now but very seldom heard

within these walls) singing those words of hers, composed from Sir Walter Scott's dictation, for one of the old *Rhine songs*,—that she brought with her on the next, her lines on “Triumphant music;”—and triumphant they really were, in the splendour of their effect as she repeated them. She wrote, for these same voices, the little drama, or rather *scena*,* “The Sisters,” which formed, as it was represented† with extraordinary research and elegance, and with the advantage of Mr. Lodge's music, one of the most perfect private exhibitions of the kind that can be imagined. One could not help reverting to the times of Ludlow Castle and the Bridgewater family, when the youthful performers in Milton's exquisite masque were as pure, and as noble, and as beautiful as the ideal personages they represented.

* See her “Songs of the affections.”

† At a beautiful residence in Needwood forest.

"I am all delight with Shelley's "Prometheus," which I sat up late last night reading: it is a chaos of beauty,—a bright confusion of all glorious and lovely images, but bewildering as the music of a dream. I must bring it with me to-morrow evening.

"Wavertree Village."

"F. H."

This little note, which fell out of one of my books, is treasured as a memorial of the time when we used to meet constantly. I often think of her as I saw her sometimes at her own home, surrounded by a litter of books and communicated papers, which gave her more trouble than her own compositions,—of the sonnets that fluttered out of the window while we were talking, when she opened it to indulge me with a little air in the confined, hot room in which she always wrote: her feverish hectic look, as I recall it, even then often made me uneasy about her.

Sometimes she was surrounded by company, (then I never entered),—visitors and strangers, with letters of introduction,—sketchers and pencillers; and one, who W. happily called “a tumultuous young lady,” who, with an indefatigable activity, had levied contributions on all the literary people of Great Britain.*

—“I have had a letter from a young American—‘the humblest of my admirers,’ as he styles himself, begs to present me with a pair of Indian moccasins, made of buck-leather, with my name embroidered in bead-work. Was ever such a *chaussure* proposed for a muse before?”

* Sometimes a formal *annoncée* would arrive of an intended visit on the following morning, from some one “who could not pass through without doing himself the honor of waiting on Mrs. Hemans,” &c. What wonder if, dreading in some instances, these solemn civilities, she was not ready sometimes to exclaim with Roxalana,† (when *she* dismissed the assiduous sultan who was so anxious to kiss the dust beneath her feet,—that her feet had no dust, and) “that she could not bear to be disturbed so early in the morning!”

† Marmontel's.

Mrs. Hemans was very much attached to Miss Jewsbury, (afterwards the lamented Mrs. Fletcher, who died so soon after her arrival in India). Miss Jewsbury spent some days with her at Wavertree, and went with us to see Gibson's* statue—the Sappho : it is very happily placed in a beautifully-tinted and lofty drawing-room at Allerton Hall,† (now the possession of Pattison Ellames, Esq.) Mrs. Hemans and her friend were charmed with its grace and loveliness,—with the sentiment of dejection and abandonment which speaks in every muscle and limb, and which weeps in “the long flow of the willowy hair,”—with the feeling so exquisitely expressed, with which the forgotten wreath of poetical supremacy droops from her hand, and with which she con-

* John Gibson, Esq. of Rome, R. A.

† The classic Allerton,—once the residence of Mr. Roscoe.

templates her unstrung and neglected lyre, which has failed, with all its heart-stirring powers, to secure to her the affections of Phaon.

The Sappho is placed in what was formerly Mr Roscoe's library. When I mentioned this circumstance, and described to the distinguished sculptor the effect of his beautiful statue, he asked, in a subsequent letter, with all his usual simplicity, "does she not look like the old man's mournful muse, with her broken lyre?" To him, as well as to many of us, there are melancholy associations connected with this scene of our departed and celebrated friend's intellectual occupations and happiness. Gibson remembers this room in his boyhood, rich with the treasures of a classic taste and learned luxury, which gave his awakening genius, perhaps, its earliest inclinations,—he remembers, affectionately remembers, the ven-

erable friend who discerned and directed the talents of the youthful artist with a prophetic sagacity.

One of the works of Gibson has recently arrived in this country which bids fair to establish his reputation in a new and more difficult reach of his art,—in the pathetic as well as the imaginative and the beautiful. It is the monument of Mrs. Henry Byrom,—of a young lady who died of child-bed-fever; and genius and affection have combined to raise this most touching and admirable memorial. She is represented in her last moments,—the languor of death has invaded but not impaired her beauty, or detracted anything from the loveliness of the exquisitely rounded form. She is sitting up, supported by pillows: every accessory brings home to the heart the reality, the domestic truth of the sorrow which is traced as impending,—her husband,

kneeling before her, is awaiting her latest blessing for the new-born infant, which he holds towards her: the exquisite expression of her languid hand indicates and assigns it to his love and protection,—with the other, she strains him gently to her, with a feeble gesture of indescribable tenderness and affection. A lamp, burning behind her couch, is flickering up with a last and just-expiring brightness. At her feet is the summoning angel, who, with a countenance of heavenly mildness and pity, is pronouncing the mandate—(engraved)—*

“I have a message from God to thee.”—(*Judges.*)

* To the memory of the wife of Henry Byrom, Esq.

It is little praise to say that nothing can be more beautifully executed than all the subordinate parts of this monument: the swelling of the pillows, &c. the folds of the drapery, even to the architectural ornaments of the entablature, and the quality of the marble,—all are perfect. The figures are in the boldest style of alto-relievo,—statues, but not detached. It is to be placed in Daresbury church,

There was an excellent bust, executed in marble, of Mrs. Hemans, when she was in Scotland, by Mr. Angus Fletcher, for her venerable friend Sir Robert Liston : it was exhibited in London, Liverpool, &c.—it is very like her, and very pleasing ; for her light form, the air of the head, and the regularity of the small features were favourable to this mode of representation ; and the one long tress of her hair which fell over her breast was, in this, advantageous.

(near Warrington,) the family burying-place of this lamented lady. What a pity that it may not be seen in one of our noble cathedrals, where it might share, with Chantrey's unrivalled "Children," the praise lavished on that most beautiful specimen of English art in England !

Gibson's statue of Mr. Huskisson is completed, and he only waits the return of spring to send it over to us. In this majestic work he has attained the most difficult triumph that imitative skill has to struggle for : he has satisfied the eye of affection itself:—*her* heart, and at length *her* voice, have borne evidence to the fidelity of the likeness ; and what praise is too high for the genius, what estimation too great for the art, which has soothed or suspended for a moment such affliction as hers ?

A half length likeness of her was painted, in oil, by — West, the American artist, who painted the Countess Guccioli. This was exhibited at Somerset House, and it is now in the possession of her sister, Mrs. Hughes.* There is somewhere a copy of this by the same artist.

There was a miniature, too, painted by Robertson, an excellent likeness, but not so pleasing.

The little print of Sir Walter Scott's "Green Mantle" is very like what she was in early youth, and in that, as well as in the miniature just mentioned, the hand is raised to the chest,—an attitude which, I remarked when I saw her in Dublin, had latterly become very habitual to her, and which had something

* Wife of the Rev. T. Hughes, of Penegoes Rectory,
Merionethshire.

melancholy in it, as indicative of oppression or suffering.

Mrs. Hemans was of an excellent height,—just not tall, and of a slight and pleasing form : the hands very delicate and pretty. She had a profusion of auburn hair ; and the blue eyes and colouring of the complexion were analogous. She had been in youth very beautiful, but she faded early. Dominie Sampson, according to Charlie's account, was very much struck with her. He was delighted to become acquainted with “ Mistress *Heemans*,”* and “ he exclaimed when mama left the room, ‘ O ! rare vision of female loveliness ! ’ ” — *See letter from Abbotsford.*

* Other people besides Dominie Sampson pronounced her name in this manner. When it is sounded rightly, it seems as if there were two *m*'s in it.

It was during her stay at Mibburne Tower, (Sir Robert Liston's,) near Edinburgh, that she formed an acquaintance and a friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Greaves, which induced her to visit Dublin, and finally to settle there.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

MRS. HEMANS :

Notes & Fragments.

PART III.

IN January, 1834, her son Claude, going over from Liverpool to take leave of her previous to his embarkation for America, brought back with him a very distressing account of her health. A letter of the 7th of February, from Dawson-street, Dublin, contained the first intimation I received from herself "of an illness: an attack of cholera which seized her," she said, "two or three days after some more

than usual exertion and *embarras* with regard to C., his departure, his destination. It left me," she continues, "in so weak a state that I was obliged to be carried to and from my room for many days after; and I had then to meet an almost overwhelming rush of occupation, as I was very hurriedly preparing two separate little works for the press at the time it seized me."* These were the first symptoms of a malady from which she was never to recover.

She goes on to speak of her son Willoughby's "appointment to a situation in the Ordinance Survey office"† as of "an essential relief to a mind like mine,

* The "National Lyrics," and the "Hymns for Childhood."

† "A situation," she says, "than which none could be more suitable to his taste and abilities." He has justified this opinion both by his application and its success; having been twice promoted since he entered this department. He must forgive my recording a circumstance which gave his dear mother so much pleasure.

struggling with cares, for which none could have been less fitted, either by nature or education. But I look upon this as the dawn of a calmer day, for which I shall have to bless —— and ——; and in which my spirit may possibly expand, and reach a nobler height than it has yet attained.”

A letter from little Charles, of April, speaks of her continued sufferings from intermittent fever and ague,—of her inability to read (from head-ache) or to permit him to read to her. Still she sends me the kindest messages with regard to our recent journey into Scotland,—enters into all my pleasures as to Hawthornden and Roslyn, &c.

I look back on her letters received from Abbotsford, from Edinburgh, from Rydal Mount, from Chiefswood, &c. and feel that no one ever appreciated or described them as she has done !

Charles concludes by saying that she had desired him to transcribe for me a sonnet she had lately written on the *Datura arborea*,—the noble and majestic *Datura*,—"a favorite plant (she thought) with us both."

*" ' Hymns for Childhood.' "**

"I send you the fairy volume of *Hymns*. You will immediately see how unpretending a little book it is; but it will give you pleasure to know that it has been received in the most gratifying manner,—having seemed (as a playful child itself might have done) to win criticism into a benignant smile.

* These are exquisitely pure and graceful; but some of them, perhaps, too imaginative, too ideal for their purpose. Her own children were singularly advanced in the understanding and knowledge of poetry: she was not aware how few could read its language as they did.

“ I send you also B. W.’s letter : you see I forget none of your tastes and habits.”

“ *Dublin.*”

Her love of poetry, and the soothing pleasure she derived from it, during her long illness, might remind us of Herrick’s address “ To music to becalm his fever” : doubly beautiful to me now, because she was charmed with its majestic melody when it was shewn to her at Wavertree.

“ Fall on me like the silent dew !
Or like those maiden showers
That at the peep of dawn do strew
A baptism on the flowers !
Melt ! melt my pains
With thy soft strains
Till having peace me given,
With full delight
I leave this light
And take my flight for heaven.”

The following lines of his Prayer were equally applicable to her :*

“ What tho’ my harp and viol be
Both hung upon the willow tree,—
What tho’ my bed is now my grave,
And for my house I darkness have,—
What tho’ my healthful days are fled,
And I lay numbered with the dead :
Yet have I hope, by Thy great power,
To spring,—tho’ now a withered flower !†”

Page 246.

When thy frail bark escaped this stormy world.

The idea is taken from that noble sonnet of Michelagnolo’s, written in his last hours, in which he

* These two exquisitely pure and beautiful passages, were written by the English Anacreon, Robert Herrick, of Charles the 1st’s time. A copy of his “Hesperides,” printed in 1648, “*Works human and divine,*” is dedicated to Charles, Prince of Wales, (afterwards Charles II,) then in his eighteenth year.

† Herrick, whose enchanting poetry has been awakened by the citations of Washington Irving from its dormant immortality.

bids farewell to the art which had been so long his "idol and monarch," in terms of the most touching and dignified simplicity. Standing on the verge of the dread abyss of eternity, he laments the time and the talents which had been so exclusively devoted,—and casts himself on the mercy of that Saviour "who from the cross extends his arms to receive him." There is something of the repose and grandeur of the antique statues in this work of the mighty master's: his lofty genius frowns through its noble outline as in the forms of his Moses and Giulio de Medici.

Some of the most beautiful of the old Italian sonnets are so associated in my mind with the remembrance of Mrs. Hemans, and of the time that we spent together, that I cannot help placing this one of them here: it will be seen in the subsequent pages that she took pleasure in them to her latest hours.

The following one is more especially identified with her memory from my having shown it to her latterly, and from the many thoughts and feelings that she had in common with its majestic author. It was, perhaps, a melancholy forethought which made us dwell upon it together.

“Giunto è già'l corso della vita mia
Con tempestoso mar per fragil barca
Al comun porto, ov' à render si varca
Giusta ragion d'ogn' opra trista e pia.

“Onde l'affettuosa fantasia
Che l'arte si fece idolo e monarca
Conosco ben quant'era d'error carca ;
Ch'errore è ciò che l'huom quaggiù desia !

“I pensier miei già de' mie'danni lieti,
Che fian'or s'a due morti m'avvicino ;
L'una m'è certa, e l'altra mi minaccia ?

“Ne pinger, ne scolpir fia più che queti
L'anima volta a quell'amor divino
Ch'aperse a prender noi in croce le braccia.”

Rime di Michelagnolo Buonarroti.

I have prevailed upon a highly-valued friend to make a translation of it; and she has fulfilled this request with a stern and severe fidelity worthy of the original: (but she has not loved and humoured it as she does her Petrarchan children.)* It is subjoined that this little book may boast one specimen (among so many unruly ones) of what a translation ought to be, and that its author may have the pride and the pleasure of inscribing it with the name of Lady Dacre.

“ My life’s frail bark has neared the common port
Tho’ raging seas around its course have roared,

- * She has lately translated the latter part of the “Trionfo della Morte” of Petrarch (Laura’s death-bed scene,)—his 6th Canzone, (his vision of Laura after death,) and in addition to many former ones, several of his most beautiful sonnets with such a terseness and exactness of resemblance, and such a perfect preservation of their pathetic beauty, that it seems as if she had possessed herself of the Persian Dervise’s power of transfusing her whole soul into the form of another.

And I am called my actions to record—
 Of guilt and blame, or of a holier sort.
 The range where Fancy fondly would disport
 Of that fair art she made her idol lord,
 My better judgment sees with error stored,
 And error all that here below we court !
 What now my thoughts,—once glorying in my bane ;
 If I be doomed a double death to prove ?
 Certain the one,—and threaten'd the more dread.
 Vain is the pencil, and the chisel vain,
 To lull the soul,—now turned to heavenly love
 Inviting from the Cross with arms outspread !

Translated by Lady Dacre.

Page 243.

*But who, like thee, their fresh mild scents shall prize,
 Or bless their spell to charm life's feverish hours ?**

Page 244.

*Fair from its wintry couch the graceful reed,†
 A tasselled sceptre to thy hand I gave.*

* Her "pure passion for flowers :—" "often during this weary illness of mine, &c." See her letter from Redesdale :—*Note*, page 243.

† This expression is not botanically just.—*Convallaria Majalis*,—"Solomon's Seal." Its stems have the light and lofty character of a tropical plant: its faint night-breathing fragrance, and the pale pencilling of its delicate blossoms are entirely English.

She has concentrated these feelings in one of her most beautiful poems, called "The Last Wish."

—"Bring me those buds, to shed
Around my dying bed
A breath of May and of the woods' repose.

* * * * *

"Fain would I stay with thee,—
Alas! this may not be;
Yet bring me still the gifts of happier hours :
Go where the fountain's breast
Catches in glassy rest
The dim green light that pours through laurel bowers ;

"I know how softly bright,
Steeped in that tender light,
The water-lilies tremble there even now,—
Go to the pure stream's edge,
And from its whispering sedge
Bring me those flowers to cool my burning brow.

"Haste! to my pillow bear
Those fragrant things and fair :
My hand no more may bind them up at eve,
Yet shall their odour soft
One bright dream round me waft
Of life, youth, summer,—all that I must leave!"—*F. H.*

Page 233.

*And, blest precursor of the angel Death,
The cherub Sleep wreathed thy pale brow with flowers.*

She loved to think of, and to describe the form of Death under this beautiful oriental personification of it. One of her most exquisite poems is addressed to the youthful genius of Death, with his extinguished torch, an antique statue in the Musée Royale.

It was a great comfort, and alleviation of sorrow, during her long illness, that her slumber was almost constantly calm and happy. Shakspeare's beautiful prayer might have been breathed for *her* :

“ Rein up the organs of her phantasy !
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy !”

Page 246.

*No hope, no wish was thine
Thy troubled course, 'mid stormy seas, to stay.*

“ And feeling still thy woman's spirit strong
In the deep faith which lifts from earthly wrong
A heavenward glance.”—F. H.

It may be thought that these pages exhibit too gloomy a picture of the highly gifted being whose worth and talents they are attempting to describe: they portray her, however, as she was seen by those who loved her best, in the latest years of her life,—they are traced by one in whose memory her mournful words still echo—"you know what I have suffered; you know the responsibility and the anxieties that have made my health the wreck it is!*" And, perhaps, there is no aspect of human life more melancholy than that which is thus presented to our contemplation,—of genius struggling, if not borne down, under the pressure of worldly cares,—of a powerful mind strictly fettered, yet ever compelled to exertion,—of a brilliant and buoyant fancy restrained and overcharged by "the aching weight" and heaviness of a wounded heart.

* In one of her latest letters.

Page 233.

*Yet ever 'midst thy sorrow's deepest blight,
Soft through the gloom thy sacred numbers rose :
—Loftier and more aerial in their flight
Swelled the pure strains of calm subdued delight ;
As sweet flowers, bowed beneath the dews of night,
Effuse their richest odours as they close.*

The following passage is from a letter recently received from one whose every thought and opinion ought to have weight in all that regards her beloved and lamented sister.

“ And I could wish that some idea might be given of the gradually deepening tone of her character during the last year or two, which, as we now look back upon it, seems to have been a solemn, silently working preparation for that most fitting close. In all

the notices that I have seen, this has been either overlooked or coldly and casually alluded to."

This may be traced in her "Scenes and Hymns of life,"—the last volume she ever published; and more especially in her later poems, printed successively in the *New Monthly* and *Blackwood's Magazines*: "Meditations in sickness," &c. "Recovery," "Resignation." It cannot be said that they are more pure than the former ones, but a warmer glow of awakened religion seems to overshadow them, and they breathe a spirit of holy resignation and tender piety, which is not of this world. They are among the most beautiful and touching poetry that she ever wrote.

There is a sort of personal and domestic character in the feelings from which these lines to her mother's

Bible must have originated, which makes them very interesting :

“ TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

“What household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently ! Of anxious looks beguiled,
My mother's eyes upon thy page divine
Each day were bent ; her accents gravely mild
Breathed out thy lore : whilst I, a dreamy child,
Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away
To some lone tuft of gleaming Spring-flowers wild,—
Some fresh discovered nook for woodland play,—
Some secret nest : yet would the solemn Word
At times, with kindling of young wonder heard,
Fall on my wakened spirit, there to be
A seed not lost ; for which, in darker years,
O, book of Heaven ! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart's blessings on the holy dead and thee !”

“ F. H.”

" Long at her couch death took his patient stand,
And menaced oft, and oft withheld the blow.

" To give reflection time, with lenient art,
Each fond delusion from her soul to steal.

* * * *

" Say! are ye sure his mercy will extend
To you so long a space? alas! ye sigh:
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
And learn in equal peace to sleep or die!"

What further preparation was wanting to render acceptable in the sight of heaven a being so blameless, and, as regards this life, (though great compensations were granted) so unhappy, it is humbly hoped were vouchsafed to her through the chastening influences of long sickness and suffering, — borne with great courage and fortitude, and with the most uncomplaining patience.

The following description of the efficacy of sickness in preparing us for death is taken from the

works of an author (Buckminster) whose sermons she gave to one of my sons.* They are very beautiful as moral essays: he seems to be the Blair of America.

“There are advantages even in the long continuance of confinement, and in the prospect of inevitable and slowly approaching death. To him that knows that he must close his eyes on this pleasant scene, it is no small preparation that every morning’s sun rises upon his sight with daily diminishing lustre; luxuries pall gradually upon his taste, sounds die away gently upon his ear, and the ties which bind him to earth weaken by degrees, and at last the silver cord is loosed with gentle hands, without painful or perceptible disruption.

“Long confinement also brings with it the advantages of drawing us off from those partialities which bind us to society in general; and though it may strengthen our attachment to those who watch immediately around our bed, and are the inmates of our decaying hours, yet, even here, the energy of the affections wastes with the energy of the body, and the dissolution of the

* A young clergyman who visited her not many months before her death.

ties of love and friendship is, by the kindness of heaven, rendered as gentle as the dissolution of the soul and body.

“Lengthened illness, too, not only draws off our attention gradually from a world we must leave, but it seems to usher into view, by a similar and solemn gradation, the world which we are about to enter. It places us in an extended and narrow vista, in which the various objects on each side are excluded, and eternity, that vast object at the termination of the view, seems to enlarge as we approach it, till it fills, at last, and engrosses the conceptions.”

Buckminster.

Such are the consolations that unassisted reason offers, and the moral truths here adduced are as clear and as beautiful in their arrangement as the conclusion to which they lead is valuable and just. The pride of human intellect seizes them and acknowledges them, and is permitted and intended to derive from them the degree of consolation which they are fitted to convey. But what would they avail in our last hours to support the sinking frame, and the fail-

ing heart, if the Holy Scriptures did not open their inestimable treasures for our comfort,—if we had not their blessed evidences to assure us—“That there remaineth a rest for the people of God !”

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
MRS. HEMANS :

Notes & Fragments.

PART IV.

—"And she to die!—she loved the laughing earth
With such deep joy in its fresh leaves and flowers,

* * * * *

And yet, alas! to see the strength which clings
Round woman in such hours: a mournful sight
Though lovely!—an overflowing of the springs—
The full springs of affection,—deep as bright.
And she, because her life is ever twined
With other lives, and by no stormy wind
May thence be shaken, and because the light
Of tenderness is round her, and her eye
Doth weep such passionate tears—therefore she thus can die."

Mrs. Hemans' Forest Sanctuary.

IN Dec. 1834, Mrs. Hemans removed to Redesdale,*
the vacant summer residence of the Archbishop of

* About seven miles from Dublin.

Dublin, in the hope of deriving benefit from change of air and quiet. She was accompanied by her youngest son, (who watched over her, throughout her illness, with the most devoted affection,) and was surrounded by all the comforts that the Archbishop and his considerate and excellent lady could devise for her. Here she remained nearly three months, but no healing came; and when her malady assumed a more alarming character, she wrote to Mrs. Whateley, (in pencil,) expressing a deep sense of all their kindness: she could not conceal from herself, she said, that her strength was sinking, and she had determined upon returning to Dawson-street, to be nearer to her physicians.

The following records, contained in letters I then received, of her residence at Redesdale, her removal thence, and subsequent increasing illness, are so full

of unspeakable interest, that I have transcribed them; not venturing to ask permission of the writer for fear it might be withheld; but trusting, as these are the only ones of a long series of his valuable communications on this subject that will ever see the light, that he will forgive me,—or at least feel more surprise than displeasure at recognising them here. Perhaps, even, the time may come when he may not be sorry to possess such a memorial of one for whom we were both so deeply interested.

The following passages, in a letter, dated Dublin, 1st February, 1835, made me first aware of her danger :

“ Dearest R.,— I wish to write to you about Mrs. Hemans,—a subject I have lately purposely avoided, because it was one on which I could not speak to you comfortably or satisfactorily; neither, indeed, can

I do this now, but I could not be satisfied to delay longer to give you some idea of that poor lady's situation. She has been very ill, (as you know,) and still continues so. The attack first came on in the shape of intermittent fever,—then changed to fever and ague, and has now terminated in prostration of strength, loss of appetite, spasmodic affections, and other symptoms, which have occasioned, in my mind, considerable apprehension.

“I saw her physician, Dr. Greaves, on the subject, and he assures me that he has no reason to apprehend dropsy at present; but he does not conceal that her situation is very precarious, although (like all other physicians) he talks, while the case is doubtful, of her youth, and her fine equal spirits, and the favorable change that may be hoped for in the approaching spring. * * I confess I am not so sanguine;

but I should be sorry, on that account, to diminish any of the hope which you express, or which you may derive from his expectation.

“ She has been removed seven miles from Dublin, for quiet and change of air, and has got apartments in the Archbishop of Dublin’s country residence,†—at this moment otherwise unoccupied. * * I see her whenever I can. * * I need not say that I have a melancholy pleasure * * She is so good and pure of heart, and so high minded, and so thoroughly fortified with all the resources of religion, that her lot, to look at it rightly, is one rather to be envied than deplored. * *

“ I sate with her an hour yesterday, and thought her much altered since my last visit, but always

† Redesdale.

calm and tranquil, and even cheerful. * * She had received your letter,† * * which, indeed, she showed me, and said it was impossible to express what comfort she had derived in life from your friendship and affection ; she said she would write to you a few lines to say so, though it should only be
* * * *

“ She is now confined entirely to her couch, and I rather think avoids her bed, that nothing may prevent her receiving me when I can find my way to her. * * *

† The reader must forgive the insertion of such passages as this. If it could only be felt what a comfort it is now to know that I did write,—that I was able to give her the most momentary pleasure ! Many passages in her early letters fill me with self-reproach ; they contain inquiries and affectionate observations that were never answered : it would be a lesson to all idle letter-writers to know how this has been repented of.

“ You know I will watch over her * * as your friend, * * independent of the personal regard I entertain for her. Rest assured nothing shall be wanting to mitigate her sufferings and promote her recovery : neither will I fail to write to you constantly,—to report any favorable change. In the meantime, I should not feel satisfied to leave you any longer in the dark as regards her situation.

* * * * * “ This is a serious letter, but it is in these moments that I feel more than ever affectionately yours.”

The following is an extract from the letter so promised,—(written in pencil) :

“ Redesdale, 8th February.

“ You will grieve to hear that I make very little progress towards recovery : the symptoms which that

pernicious ague left behind, cause me great pain and discomfort. I am told that I can only expect their removal to be very slow.

• • • •

“F. H.”

“*Dublin, 2d March, 1835.*”

“Dearest R.,—This dear sufferer bore her journey into town as well as could be expected. We got a mattress laid at the bottom of an easy carriage, and carried her in and out. Major Browne came up
• • from the country, and has shewn a deep interest and feeling, which has gratified her much.
• • He has written to her sister, Mrs. Hughes, who may be expected over next week; and he has sent for his own wife to stay with Mrs. Hemans.

• • • •

“In the meantime she has a most excellent and

attentive servant ;* and, now she is in Dublin, the best advice : this added to most comfortable accommodation, and every minor comfort,* * under the painful circumstances. * *

"I sate with her an hour yesterday, at her physicians' own desire: her situation is past ceremony; and they wish her to be indulged in everything that can comfort or relieve her mind; but beyond the pleasure she takes in looking upon some human being that feels for her, and breaks in upon the long weary day to tell her, "she is not deserted,"—her mind wants no relief,—for I never saw anything more composed, and even happy. * * All her worldly cares appear removed by the successful result of the application regarding her son; and she assures me,

* Anna Creer.

she has not a thought or feeling on her mind, but the excess of thankfulness and gratitude. * * Sometimes she longs, she says, for the enjoyment of a purer world, for this has been one to her of deep mortification and sorrow : but whether to live or to die she is quite ready. She regrets she has done so little in the way of public usefulness, and feels, if life were spared, that much remains to be accomplished. Then she remembers that resignation is her first and highest duty ; and consoles herself with quoting that beautiful line of Milton's, who, perhaps, deploring his own helplessness, says,

“ Those also serve, who only stand and wait ! ”

You may imagine her state of mind when she added, that in her intervals from pain, no poetry could express or imagination conceive the visions of blessedness that flitted across her fancy, and made her

waking hours more delightful than those that were given even to temporary repose.

“ You may think I have a good deal to do to bear up in her presence when she talks in this way; but I never shrink if * * especially if I can minister anything in the shape of comfort. * * I have promised to see her daily, and whenever she wishes it. Rest assured I will not neglect or disappoint her. * * She speaks of you with the deepest affection * * and received great pleasure from your last letter. It is something to have possessed such affection, dearest R.—it is tentimes more to have deserved it.

“ *3rd March.*

“ I have seen her again to day : her voice is stronger and more cheerful ; but the inward fever does not abate,—and her physicians do not think her better.

Her bodily strength is quite gone ; her limbs sadly emaciated : * * still she says, she is not without hope, but such hope only as is consistent with perfect confidence, and trust, and resignation ; * * in short, nothing can be more beautiful and enviable than her whole state of mind and feeling : * * it only remains for those around her, to be prepared, as she is prepared for everything, and to minister in the meantime, by every possible means, to her comfort. * * * *

“ Major Browne has been obliged to leave Dublin and return to his duties in the country ;* and the only persons she sees now are myself and her physicians.

* Mrs. Hemans' only sister arrived about the 15th March ; and after remaining with her for some weeks, was obliged to leave her, on account of the severe illness of her husband. Major Browne returned after a very short absence, and he and Mrs. Browne watched over her with affectionate care to the last.

“ God bless you, dearest R., if I give you sorrow in this letter it will not be unmixed with the best of all consolations.”

The following was received after an interval in which there was a gleam of hope and of recovery, which baffled the opinion of the physicians. A little note, from the same hand, had warned me—when I wrote “ to the dear sufferer, to write cheerfully, and not as anticipating the worst.” (How difficult it was to do this under the fearful apprehension I felt, may be imagined: still it was a comfort to find I had succeeded in cheering her.)

“ *Sunday, March 15th.*

“ Dearest R.,—I write you a line to-day by our poor friend’s particular desire, to say what delight she has had in your letter, and to entreat that you

will write soon and often. ‘Your affection,’ she says, ‘is like a sparkling, gushing stream,’ (I always use her own words), ‘and it refreshes and supports her.’

“I grieve to say she has relapsed again : where there is extensive organic disease there can be no permanent improvement ; and although it is difficult at moments to refuse ourselves that hope which the poor patient herself, combined with the most entire and touching resignation, encourages,—yet it were idle, and even wrong, to anticipate now any termination but one to all her afflictions. The truth is, her mind is so calm, her intellect so bright, and her piety so cheerful, that when she speaks, every expression breathes of hopefulness and faith combined, and it is not easy for the looker-on to separate the one from the other. * * *

“ I found her yesterday, as usual, with her bible on one side of her, and a collection of the fine old Italian sonnets, on which Milton modelled his early poems, on the other. She had been reading them, she said, alternately, and found religious comfort in the majesty of both.

“ Her sister, Mrs. H., was to arrive last night, and when the excitement of the first meeting is over, her presence will be a great comfort. • •

“ She continues to take nourishment, but her appetite is becoming variable and capricious, and her strength visibly diminishing : with all this, her physical sufferings are not great,—and, beyond the discomforture inseparable from her situation, she rejoices in her exemption from absolute pain. She is very grateful for this, and very anxious for ‘ a serene

and unclouded passage to that better land.' In short, it is a glorious mind, and holds its course, right royally, into the haven that awaits it."

The following extracts from one of the last of her precious letters is so characteristic of her, and so exalted in feeling, that I am induced to spare it to those who may love and honor her memory as I do. After speaking of Sir Robert Peel's unexpected kindness to her son Henry,|| "which," she says, "filled my mind with joy and thankfulness,—which lifted a weight of aching anxiety from my heart, and told me that a path was at last opened to my dear boy of honorable independence"—

|| His appointment to a situation in the Navy-office. At this time there were a great many paragraphs relative to Mrs. Hemans and her family in the newspapers, which were wholly unauthorised by the persons whose names were mentioned in them.

She continues—

“Well, my dear ——! I hope my life, if it be spared, may now flow back into its native course of quiet thoughtfulness. You know in how rugged a channel the poor little stream has been forced, and through what rocks it has wrought its way; and it is now longing for repose in some still valley. It has ever been one of my regrets that the constant necessity of providing sums of money to meet the exigencies of the boys’ education, has obliged me to waste my mind in what I consider mere desultory effusions:

‘Pouring myself away,
As a wild bird, amid’st the foliage, turns
That which within him thrills, and beats, and burns,
Into a fleeting lay.’

My wish ever was to concentrate all my mental

energy in the production of some more noble and complete work ; something of pure and holy excellence, (if there be not too much presumption in the thought,) which might permanently take its place as the work of a British poetess. I have always, hitherto, written as if in the breathing times of storms and billows. Perhaps it may not even yet be too late to accomplish what I wish, though I sometimes feel my health so deeply prostrated, that I cannot imagine how I am ever to be raised up again : but a greater freedom from those cares of which I have been obliged to bear up under the whole responsibility, may do much to restore me ; and though my spirits are greatly subdued by long sickness, I feel the powers of my mind in full maturity. * * I have of late * * unkindness, but I shall never despond for these things,—the

very idea of possessing such friends as — and
 your dear, noble brother, is a fountain of strength
 and hope. • • I am very, very weary of writing
 so long ; yet still feel as if I had a thousand things
 to say to you. * * * *

* * * *

“ With regard to my health, I can only tell you
 that what I now feel is a state of sinking languor,
 from which it seems impossible I should ever be
 raised. I feel greatly exhausted with this long letter,
 • • so farewell ! my dear, dear —

“ Your most affectionate

“ FELICIA HEMANS.”

“ *February 10, 1835.*”

The following affecting words occur at the con-
 clusion of a little pencil note which she wrote about

the same time to her sister, communicating the unexpected happiness afforded her by Sir R. P.'s letter :

“ Dearest Harriet,—I am very ill : I cannot tell you how much I suffer, nor what a state of utter child-like weakness my poor wasted limbs are reduced to. But my mind is, as I desired Charlie to tell you, in a state of the deepest resignation ; to which is now added a warm thankfulness to God for this his latest mercy.”

“ F. H.”

“ *February 13, 1835.*”

* * * * *

The following words are contained in a recent letter from one who is of the first and the most valued authority in all that relates to the subject of these pages :

After deprecating the intended, or rather threaten-

ed publication of memoirs, letters, &c. she says—
“This, of course, cannot apply to anything which tends merely to individualise a sketch of mind and character. And with regard to the details of my dearest sister’s last illness, and all its most unspeakably consolatory evidences ‘of the hope that was in her,’ my feeling is, that the more they are known the better.”

“H. H.”

It would indeed be a matter of the deepest regret if the insertion of these or of any other words in these pages should occasion her the most momentary feeling of pain, (though they may re-awaken sorrow). The scanty details which this little volume contains, refer only to the years during which the sisters were separated—by Mrs. Hemans’ removal to Wavertree, the marriage of the younger one, &c.

From that time, they had only met for very short periods, and at distant intervals, till the date of this letter.

"20, Dawson-street, 17th March, 1835.

"My own inclination no less than my dearest sister's wishes urge me to write to you, my dear Mrs. —, her kind and devoted friend. We are, at this moment, in a state of suspense about her, difficult to be described. On Sunday evening she was so painfully exhausted after a paroxysm of coughing, that we thought all hope at an end, and scarcely expected her to see the light of morning; but, thank God! the night passed tranquilly, and yesterday the physicians even gave us a ray of hope. There is a great diminution in the most alarming symptom, and they say nature is evidently making an effort, which must soon decide one way or the other: but her

prostration of strength is so excessive, that they dare not encourage us to be at all sanguine ; and, alas ! when I look at her emaciated limbs and sharpened features, it seems as if nothing short of a miracle, could ever restore to her the power of even crossing the floor unassisted. But we are all in the hands of a merciful Father, who can even yet raise her up if it be his good pleasure, and we must abide with patience, and such tranquillity as we can command, the mysterious workings now going on within that poor shattered frame.

“ Her state of mind is so heavenly, that she already appears ‘but a little lower than the angels,’ and I sometimes feel as if it were almost wrong to wish to stay the flight of such a purified spirit.

“ At this momentous crisis, the most perfect stillness is enjoined, and we are allowed to speak to her

as little as possible, and, indeed, to refrain from even entering her room more than two or three times in the day: this is a severe privation when one has such a yearning to be near her, and to watch every look and movement; but she says herself that when we are in the room, she is tempted to say things which come into her mind, and which she cannot resist giving utterance to, though the effort is always exhausting to her.

“ In my visit to her bed-side this morning, she spoke of you with the greatest affection,— said I must be sure to tell you • • • •

• • • •

“ Of Colonel ——’s more than brotherly kindness I cannot trust myself to speak.

• • • •

"In great alarm, after the sad appearances on Sunday evening, I wrote a summons to poor W. (for whom Colonel D. undertook to procure leave of absence). His dear mother does not yet know of his being sent for, and should brighter prospects arise, it can easily be attributed to my own wish of seeing him after nearly seven years' separation. C. is a dear boy,—so gentle and deep-feeling, though so quiet and self-possessed. His taking the sacrament with us on Sunday, for the first time in his life, beside what then seemed so inevitably the death-bed of his darling mother, was a most affecting scene; but, thank God! we were all enabled to command ourselves, so as not to disturb the sweet peace of our angelic sister, who now seems raised above all earthly agitations."

“ Dawson-street, 30th March, 1835.

• • • • •

“ A week ago I could not have believed it possible that I could again have addressed you on the subject of our beloved invalid in any other tone than that of the deepest despondency, but she has really shewn an energy of constitution which astonished us all, and at this moment, weak and emaciated as she is, I can scarcely bring myself to believe that she will not be restored to us. * * *

“ The great decrease of the swelling not only adds much to her comfort by allowing more freedom of movement, but lessens the apprehension of immediate danger. While that unnatural pressure existed, there was a dread that the action of the heart and lungs might be interfered with, and at any moment the fatal crisis might have taken place.

This danger is for the present removed, and there seems no appearance of a fresh formation, but the symptoms of hectic fever are, at times, very severe. To-day she has been unusually tranquil and cheerful, and I have seen her twice: the last time she had books upon the bed, and had been looking with pleasure at the illustrations of ‘Gilpin’s Forest Scenery.’

“She speaks much more of recovery than she had been wont to do, and even talked this morning of some of her literary projects; but alas! notwithstanding these flattering appearances, her medical men do not venture to give us any sure ground for hope; and I know but too well that in pulmonary complaints (of which nature there now seems a fear that this will ultimately prove) the most delusive symptoms usually exist at times of the greatest dan-

ger. • • There is, however, a probability of the case being much more protracted than we could have believed possible. Were it not for this I should indeed be 'most miserable' in the struggle of conflicting duties, for I am under great uneasiness respecting the health of my dear husband, and cannot feel it right to absent myself any longer. • •

Had any crisis appeared close at hand, I could not have torn myself away ; but there seems every probability of things continuing in their present state for weeks. Had any one told us this on my first arrival, I should have thought him a dreamer. •

* * Having thus witnessed such extraordinary changes in the aspect of her disorder, may we not venture to contemplate the possibility of her preservation ? Whatever may be the issue, it will always be a source of comfort to me to have seen her as I

have done now ; but I think you can understand me, my dear Mrs. —, when I say, that at times it has been almost painful to feel one's own utter incapability of ministering to a spirit so etherialised.

“ My sister-in-law remains [★]here, and my brother George, though obliged to go down to K. this week, will be prepared to attend an immediate summons should any occasion arise. I believe the physicians would be heartily glad we were all a hundred miles off, as they never see us without cautioning us against going into her room.

“ She speaks of you, and charges me to assure you of her undiminished love and affection.” •

“ *Tuesday, 31st March.*

“ I left my letter open that I might be able to add the latest accounts. Our beloved patient has had a

comfortable night, and is wonderfully cheerful this morning. She desires me to ask you if " • •

* * * *

Such were the vicissitudes which beguiled the anxiety of those around her with expectations which were, perhaps, but faintly shared by one to whom the changing aspects and illusions of hectic consumption had been but too sorrowfully familiar. Possessed by a fatal and never-to-be-forgotten experience of a knowledge of its varying tones, and ceaseless modifications—flattering and deceiving to the last,—remembering but too well the hope that one hour beamed bright and clear in the dear object that I was watching over, and solaced herself and me by the anticipation of innocent happiness and home-born pleasures, (which we were in this world to enjoy together),—but which in the next, with an artless and

mournful inconsistency, revealed to me,—by some words of touching farewell, of penetrating and holy tenderness,—that all expectation of a continuance of this, our loved intercourse, was escaping,—but such as rested, with a blessed faith, upon its being renewed in heaven.—*See page 6.*

"Non come fiamma che per forza è spenta
Ma che per sè medesima si consume,
Io n'ando in pace l'anima contenta."

After such illness and suffering as have been described, it is difficult almost to believe the date of the following lines, which were written down at her dictation, when she could no longer write herself :

"SABBATH SONNET."—(The last.)

Composed on Sunday, April 25, 1835.

"How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their way
Towards spire and tower, 'mid shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day.
The halls, from old heroic ages grey,
Pour their fair children forth,—and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream : I may not tread
With them those pathways ;—to the feverish bed

Of sickness chained : yet, O ! my God ! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath-peace has filled
My chastened heart ; and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness !”

“FELICIA HEMANS.”

This is, perhaps, one of the most perfect sonnets in the English language, whether it be considered as regards the regularity of its structure, the soothing loveliness of its imagery, or the deep and solemn interest which it acquires from the circumstances under which it was written : (so short a time before her death !)

And thus she placed the crowning and finishing ornament on the beautiful edifice of her works ; dedicating and bequeathing them to the lasting admiration of her country. A treasury of poetry, so passionate, and yet so pure ; so chastened, and yet so tender ; so enriched by exquisite imagery, so un-

sullied by meretricious decoration,—that the mother may enjoy it with her son, and the father delight in it with his child; in its universal tendencies so noble and so elevated; in its latest aspirations so holy, that it appears to have emanated from

“A heart that might have been enshrined in crystal,
And have had all its movements, scann’d.”

* * * *

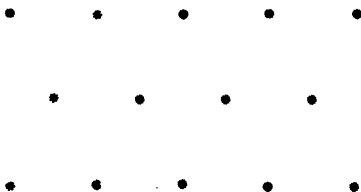
It was about this time that she desired that I should write : how difficult and how painful it is to do so under the intimate and unmitigated conviction that all hope is unavailing, they alone can know who have approached those they have loved under such circumstances, or those (still more to be pitied) on whom may have devolved the fearful task to speak undisguisedly to the sufferer,—perhaps to wrest from him the feeble hope “which travels on, nor quits us till

we die," and which often lurks unconsciously, to support and to cheer, while the accents unfeigningly attest an entire resignation of it. But in this case there was no delusion as to the awful crisis approaching,—no necessity for exhortation or remonstrance to teach her to meet it. I was addressing at once a firm and a religious mind ; and the inestimable communications of those around her had assured me that no consolation which a holy faith can inspire had been withheld, no duty unfulfilled that a blessed religion enjoins to the departing. But even then, to write upon any other subject,—to seek, by the expression of a mournful tenderness, to win back the attention of a mind now hovering on the precincts of immortality ! Still I tried, and she sent me word " that she loved that I should write,—that the sight of my little note brought back pleasant recol-

lections — the idea of our former happy hours — of the bay trees and the terrace, dear to her, she said, as the scene of her children's boyish happiness." — I have the comfort of knowing she remembered me after this ; but this was the last message I ever received from her.

Her son C. attended her throughout the latter part of her illness with the most pious affection : the dearest, because the youngest, of her children, — (at the time of her death he had never seen his father), — he was permitted to remain with her constantly, and he will remember as long as he lives, with comfort and thankfulness, the hours that were thus devoted. As her languid eyes followed him as he moved beside her bed, or rested on him to the last with all a mother's admiration ; as she listened daily while he read to her the Holy Scriptures, and drank

peace and comfort from the clear silvery accents of his boyish voice thus exercised,—her poor heart longed to dedicate him to the sacred profession. She turned an anxious look on those around her, for the fulfilment of this last wish of her expiring affection, but “it was not in them,”—she could not be gratified; and his destination, and that of another of her sons (now in America), is still undecided.†



† The youngest has just been appointed to a situation in His Majesty's Customs.

It remains now but to tell of the deep and silent progress of the insidious disease,—of the shadows that gathered and darkened as “the night was coming on, in which no man can work.” Her pulse had been reduced, the dropsical symptoms subdued, but hectic fever took their place, and no hope brightened for her. Still her serenity was unimpaired,—the powers of her mind uneclipsed : her patience was admirable.

Only within the last week the low delirium was sometimes perceptible which so often precedes dissolution. The evening before her death she listened with occasional expressions of interest, and even of admiration, to some passages from the works of Archbishop Leighton, which she had desired might be read to her ; and in her prayer-book (a precious legacy presented by Mrs. Browne to the friend who

loved her best) it is recorded, that that beautiful portion of Scripture, the Epistle of St. James, c. I, v. xvii, contains the last words on which the failing eyes rested of Felicia Hemans :

“ Receive with meekness the engrafted word which is able to save your souls.”

She expired at nine o'clock in the evening of Saturday, the 15th day of May, as if anticipating the Sabbath-rest, quite exhausted, and fading away in the tranquil transition of sleep, and it is fervently hoped without much suffering.

* * * *

Her dear remains were committed to a grave within St. Anne's Church, Dawson-street, close to

the house in which she died.* No memorial, as yet, marks the place of her rest: even amid its chill lonely stillness a whisper arises—

“Wait only : soon

Thou also shalt sleep !”†

- * There was something very painful and repugnant to the feelings of some who loved her, in this destination: better if the half-expressed wish of her heart might have been accomplished—“*To thy earth, mother! take home thy weary one!*” But it avails not: they are re-united in heaven.

It was a comfort to find, afterwards, that this regret was shared: her sister says, “I know what a weakness it is to mind these things, yet it is sadly painful to me to think of her lying in that strange city, in the midst of noise and crowds: she,—such a creature of the woods and mountains! I had the most anxious desire that she might, if possible, be laid beside our dear mother; but * * * ”

† “Warte nur! — balde
Schlafst du auch!”—*Goëthe*.

The writer cannot commit the pages (now just issuing from the press) into the hands of the public, without confessing some aching feelings of anxiety both as to the reception they may meet, and the manner in which she has filled up the scanty outline she had traced for herself, of one who she so admired. She had little thought of doing even as much as now appears, when she first attempted to make the "Recollections of Mrs. Hemans, written in the library at Wavertree" intelligible by the addition of a few notes ; but the materials have grown under her hands.

Accustomed to live solely with those who take little interest in literary or imaginative subjects, but whose society is too dear and too precious to her to permit such an interest to be missed ; conscientiously silent on these matters to all around her, and re-

luctant to letter-writing, she has habituated herself, as the early part of this volume will have shown, thus to pour forth her concentrated feelings, and has found a resource in

“Cet art consolateur,

Qui confie au papier les sentiments du coeur.”

De Lille.

She fancies (with a delusion which is probably common to the warmth of friendship) that no one knew so well, or appreciated so tenderly, the highly gifted being who she has attempted to portray. The world has formed its own estimate of Mrs. Hemans' poetry ; on its merits she has not enlarged ; but she has shewn the poetess as she lived and moved in society ; the admired and the celebrated, withdrawn from the glare of the world and its adulations, and sequestered in the darkened and lonely chambers of

languor, of sickness, and of death. It may be that the scanty record thus sketched by one quite ignorant (as will be but too obvious from its disjointed appearance) of the craft and mystery of authorship, will be recognised as possessing a truth and individuality which will atone for all its defects: it may be that it will bear with it the internal evidence of having been traced from the centre of that limited circle of intimacy in which the views of character are at once the closest and most just.

If the writer had had recourse to the usual resources of authorship, she might have drawn from the recesses of her own writing-table, a series of Mrs. Hemans' letters which would probably have been received by the world with interest and admiration; but of such a profanation of the treasures of friendship she never once thought: the same feeling which

made her deny them to others, has debarred her from exhibiting them herself; and in one instance only has she deviated from this determination.

The substance of the following letter, just unexpectedly received, has given her such satisfaction and comfort, that she has ventured to transcribe a part of it here; and the dear writer must forgive her if (feeling how superior it is in interest to anything that has previously been inserted in these pages) she has found it impossible to communicate in any words but his own, the precious details which it conveys.

* * * "I trust you will excuse my troubling you with a letter, (which I have been unable to refrain from doing—hearing of your intention with regard to my dear mother's memory,) to express the very sincere pleasure it has given me to

find that this subject will at last be handled by one who, of all the friends who survive her, * * for I am convinced that none understood all the beauty of her character and heart more fully than yourself, or with more true affection, and hers for you never diminished to the last. I am sure she always looked back to the hours that she had passed with you as some of the brightest in her life.

* * * * *

“I also, my dear Mrs. —, look back to the many happy evenings that I have passed with you and her as amongst the most interesting of that part of my life, which must always be a lode-star in my future path,—the period in which I enjoyed the constant intercourse of such a noble being, and from which I have imbibed every high and pure sentiment I may possess. * * * *

“ I understand you mean to speak of the beautiful resignation and serenity of her last days, * * and this, too, has given me pleasure. * *

“ I do not think I can tell you much with regard to that interesting period, but my own feelings as to her state of mind at the time, I am confident your kindness will be interested in.

“ It is worthy of relating to you how much, for a few months before the last, her memory seemed to dwell upon the recollections and associations of her early life, and of the old mansion on the sea-shore, where the greatest share of it was passed : of this house and its neighbourhood she then talked to me very frequently, and seemed to dwell on the subject with pleasure. She told me also that she intended, if she recovered, to write a little prose volume, to be called ‘ Recollections of a poet’s childhood,’ in which

the memory of these scenes, and of her early thoughts and feelings should be embodied.

“It was, I think, about five months before her decease that the idea of approaching death first presented itself to her, and without agitating or depressing her in the least; and what struck me most, latterly, was the child-like simplicity and gentleness of all that she thought and said; and her peace of mind was so great, that she could not bear to have any one condoling with her; and I have heard her say ‘that she really did not need pity, for she would not change her condition with that of any one in Dublin’; and I know that she has often said before, both in sickness and in health, ‘that she should consider her dying day as the happiest of her life.’

“Her love of flowers continued to the last; and she used constantly to have me to read to her, even when she could not comprehend the tenor of what

I read, and only seemed to feel a lulling and tranquillising effect from the sound of the words. It is an instance of 'the ruling passion, strong in death,' that very nearly the last words I heard her utter, a few hours before the end, whilst I was sitting with a book by her bed-side, were 'Charlie, what are you reading?' and when I replied what it was, she said, 'Well, do you like it?'—She had frequent wanderings of mind during the last week, but the images which she dwelt on when she spoke were mostly beautiful, and with no terror in them; and her release was as peaceful as an infant falling to sleep: she uttered a scarcely audible sigh, and expired!"

* * * * *

"Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Peace after war, death after life, doth please."*—*Spenser*.

- * "I have always been impressed with an idea that the approach of actual death produces a sensation similar to that of falling asleep. Consumptive patients are sometimes in a dying state during several days: they appear at such times to suffer little, and to languish for complete dissolution. I have known them express great uneasiness when they have been recalled from insensibility by the sorrows or the attentions of their friends or attendants. The impressions of present objects, and those recalled by memory, are influenced by the extreme debility of the patient, whose wish is for *absolute rest*."—*Ferriar*.

A marble tablet with the following inscription has been placed in the Cathedral of St. Asaph, beneath one inscribed with the name of Mrs. Hemans' mother.

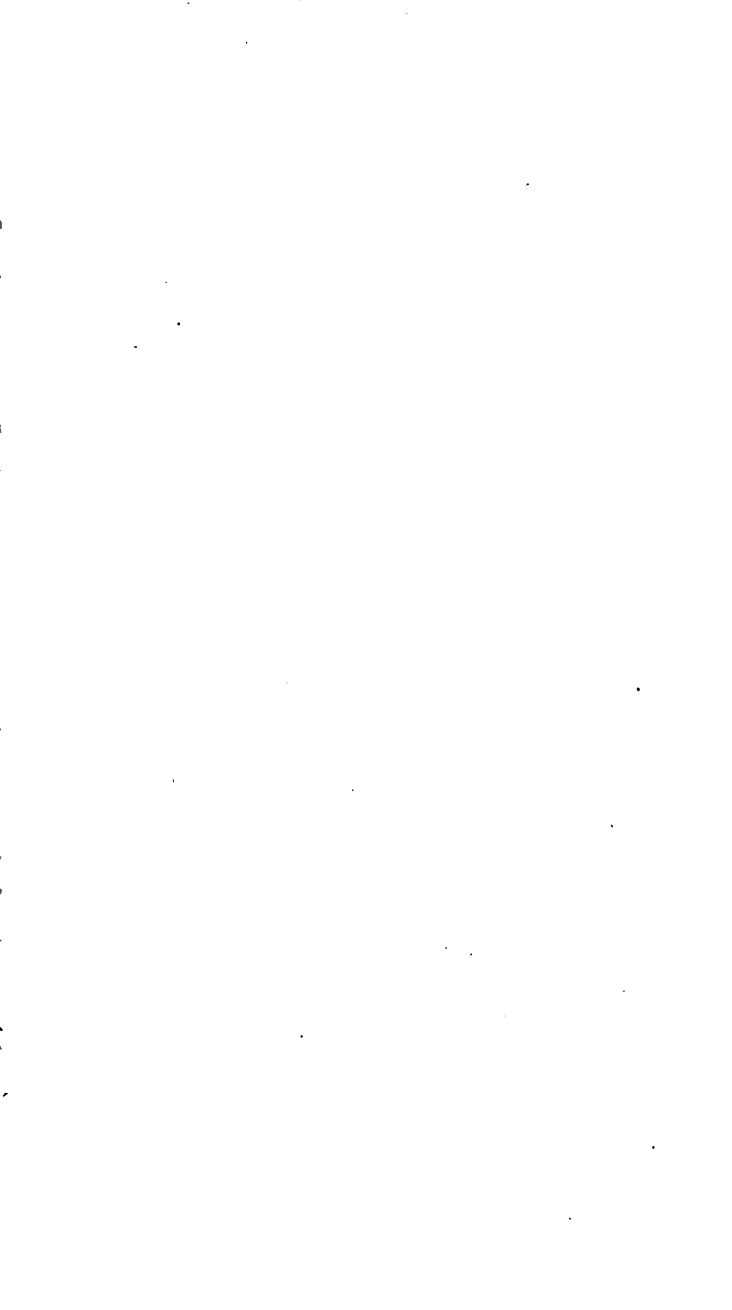
THIS TABLET,
PLACED HERE BY HER BROTHERS,
IS IN
Memory of
FELICIA HEMANS,
WHOSE CHARACTER IS BEST PORTRAYED
IN HER WRITINGS.
SHE DIED IN DUBLIN, MAY 16, 1835,
AGED 40.

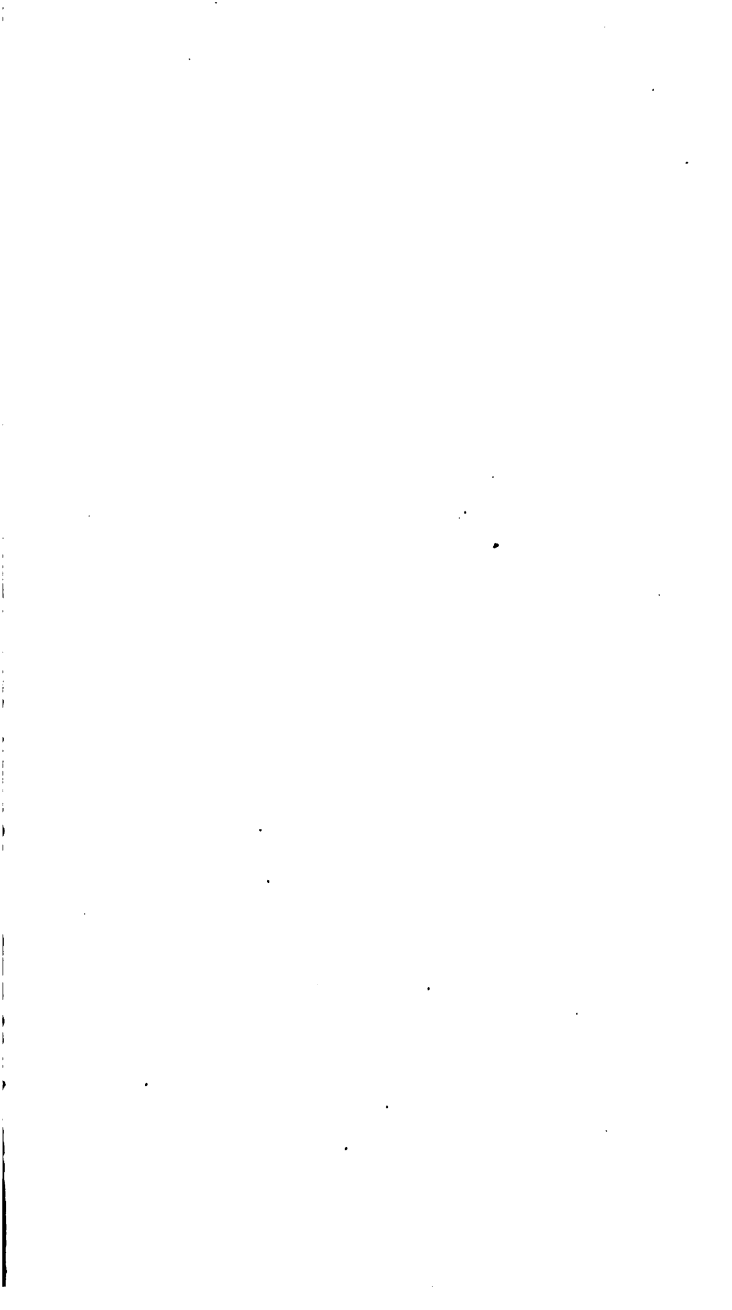
—"Earth was not her home,—

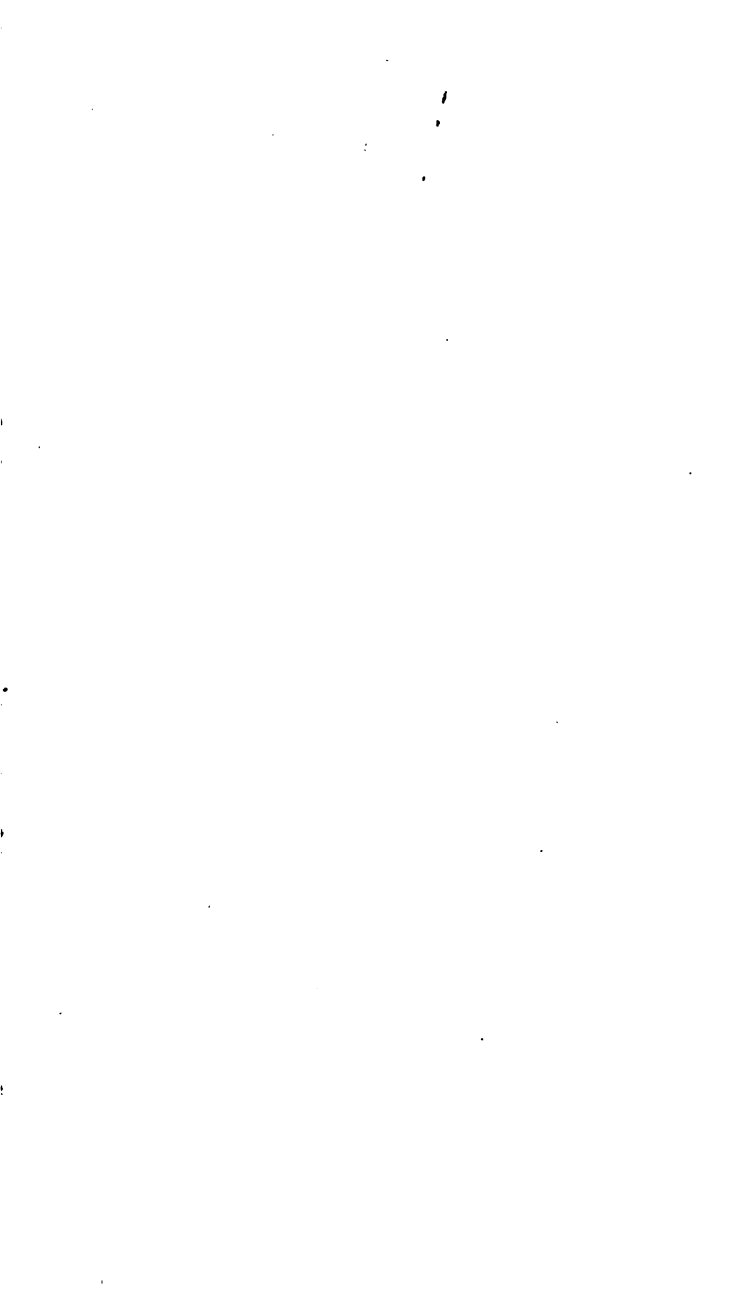
She has returned to those she loved, in heaven."











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